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# STRANGER IN AMERICA :

COMPRISING

SKETCHES OF THE MANNERS,  
SOCIETY, AND NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF  
THE UNITED STATES,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A FRIEND IN EUROPE.

BY FRANCIS LIEBER,  
Editor of "THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,  
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F. SHOBERL, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER

TO

## WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

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SIR,

In dedicating the following pages to you, I know that I have but acted in accordance with the view of the author, which in this case entirely coincides with my own. Whether, in doing so, we meet your wishes is another question ; but it seemed so formal to ask your permission to dedicate so trifling a work to you, and this previous permission appears so decidedly to counteract the intended courtesy of a dedication, that I preferred to grace this volume with your name without your consent obtained beforehand. However you may differ from some opinions stated in the work, I beg you to accept its dedication to you as a token of admiration, which the author and his editor feel for the productions with which you

have enriched the literature of two great nations. The token, I am aware, is very disproportionate to the meaning it is intended to convey, but may not even indistinct characters express a glowing sentence?

I am, with great regard,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS LIEBER.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1834.

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THE  
STRANGER IN AMERICA.

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LETTER I.

Preliminary Remarks—Emperor of China and his Biographer  
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America — Institutions of this Country — My Long Resi-  
dence in it — Effects on the Mind of a Summer in Phila-  
delphia — Trade in Ice — Poem of the Fredoniad.

So you wish me, my dear friend, to write a  
whole “series of letters.” Why, you seem to  
have studied with the Franciscans, with whom  
“begging boldly” is constitutional. “*Vadatis  
pro eleemosyna confidenter*,”\* says their found-  
er and saint in the constitution of the order.

\* “Go and beg boldly.” — EDITOR.

And on what shall I write? On the United States? You give me a subject as vast as their territory, and surely you do not wish a series of letters running through six volumes as big and heavy as a novel of old! Besides, a book of that size would be quite out of season. Now-a-days every thing, even commentaries on a code, must be twelve-moed out to the public. Nay, this diminutive size is too troublesome for many, may I not say for most, people? They require their intellectual dishes to be chopped and minced into a newspaper pie. "Sir," said an old and thoroughly experienced editor lately to me, "an article calculated for being read ought never to exceed half a column," and he knows the palate of the public as well as any man in the meat or fruit market. Were I to write a history of modern civilization, I should follow the most philosophical rule, by making my division into periods according to striking manifestations of powerful and characteristic principles. I would call one of the great divisions the period of folios; the time when controversialists knew of no more poisonous arrow to bury in the heart of their opponent than to remind him that he had written but a quarto!

See D'Israeli's *Curiosities*, where he speaks of Nominalists. This huge folio age might go down to Cartesius or thereabouts.\* Whatever was the subject, folio was the requisite form.

Next is the epoch of quartos and the dawn of newspapers—small and single leaves, half of the first page occupied by a quaint title in letters phantastically ornamented. The discovery of a new world, and the news of all the wonders successively appearing to the European there, were given to astounded mankind in little di-

\* Though our author seems to take the whole in joke, there is much scope for reflection in his remark; and not only is the size of books characteristic of an age, but also, and perhaps in a still greater degree, their price. But a few centuries ago, a breviary would be left to one heir as an equivalent for all the other personal property, even of considerable value, bequeathed to another. At present we have Penny Magazines, Cyclopædias, *Gazetteers*, &c., accessible to the meanest. Knowledge, whilst soaring, on the one hand, to the highest regions, and expanding with increasing vigour in all directions, has, on the other hand, followed the general tendency of our age, that of popularization, while at first it greatly co-operated in bringing it about. It is of no use to speak of "penny literature" with the sneer of learned aristocracy. The cheap catechisms which contain the simplest and most important principles of Christianity belong to the "penny literature;" and complaints, too, were raised in early times against the Christian religion, on account of its having no mystery for an initiated few.—  
EDITOR.

minutive sheets, true “flying leaves,”\* not so large as now the smallest handbill, which informs you of a pocket having been picked or a colt having leaped a fence.

Next comes the period of octavos; newspapers grow rapidly, so does the quantity of books. It is succeeded by the age of twelve-mos (as the booksellers classically call duodecimos;) newspapers expand with the quickness of a new-born butterfly, and stretch from the tree of knowledge like far-reaching palm-leaves, to overshadow civilization, which grows beneath; and, at length, we arrive at our own time; books have shrunk to 24mos, (yes, my friend, encyclopædias have been issued in 48mos,) and newspapers have grown so large that Dido would have made a better bargain than she did, had she asked for her colony as much land as can be covered by a London Extra Times, or a handbill of an American menagerie. I have lately seen one of eleven feet by nine and a half, and well executed, too.

A German philosopher might develop some profound reasonings on this peculiar diminution

\* The bookbinders call fly-leaves the blank leaves between the printed pages of a book and its cover.—EDITOR.

on the one side and growth on the other. There must be some mysterious principle in this tendency to the inverse ratio. Formerly, knowledge was hidden in deep and inaccessible wells, or it ran in contracted but deep channels ; now literature often flows, like shallow water, over a whole country, sometimes irrigating, sometimes inundating, sometimes choking, the germs of noble plants by the sterile sand which it deposits. In olden times, folios and quartos were often written on the most trifling things ; now loquacious editors tell us of a big pumpkin, a large turnip, a monstrous cabbage, or an excellent hat in that store, and good confectionary in another, (which smacks of tasting it.) Of kings and princes other people tell us of their every step, and of every breath they draw. The emperor of China manages this matter the best ; he has his biographer close at his heels, who notes down every trifle of his majesty's life. Editors do all this for themselves—they are their own historiographers ; make us participate in all their personal difficulties and quarrels, or tell us that they went a few days ago to such a place and found the dinner abundant, &c.

*Ecco* a fair specimen of what you have to expect in letters of mine—excursions to the right and left, adhering to the subject like a member of Congress. I am in ordinary accustomed to such dead ahead scribbling, that in my letters I must be permitted to tack about after the manner of Commodore Trunnion, and to get at my point as besiegers do—in a zigzag. Do you agree to this? I lay down my pen; draw up your spectacles, and weigh the matter well. It must be a treaty solemn as the *paix d'auberge*\* between Yorick and the Piedmontese lady, clearly defined, well understood, and strictly observed. You say, yes? You will not grumble and scold if I sometimes leap about like a chamois in its mountains; or would the comparison with the noisy grasshopper be more in keeping? You say yes? Very well, then I return to my first subject: on what shall I write? It is easy to take a passage in Liverpool for New York, to enjoy the aromatic rolls at breakfast, to go about and philosophize on every handbill, generalize every straw, explain every

\* The author probably calls this peace after the Treaty of the Bridge between Castile and Arragon by the mediation of France, because concluded on the bridge of the Bidassoa.—  
EDITOR.

push you may get in a bustling street by the elementary principles of the government under which the society around you lives ; to deliver letters of recommendation and see how they operate, to talk about jolting stages and chewing passengers, to meditate on a baby and a hog, to deplore the want of wigs on the bench,\* or pronounce a wise opinion on the number of copies of the fathers of the church in the United States, or sweepingly to declare all New England to be inhabited by wretches prostrated before Mammon, their only god ; it is easy (I now speak of the most refined and exalted traveller that ever visited this country, a reverend

\* We think the author must here have in his eye Captain Basil Hall, who, in his *Travels in North America*, raises a lament for the United States because the judges of this country have cast off their wigs. Every one to his taste ! But what must have been the Captain's feelings when the papers of his country informed him that the whig chancellor appeared in the House of Lords with a wig of considerably smaller size ; and, *horribile dictu*—when he read that the Bishop of Carlisle appeared in his place in the House of Lords without a wig ; and, *magis horribile dictu*—when he found after a short time that the Bishop of Oxford had followed the example of his right reverend brother of Carlisle ! Thou too, Brutus ! Orthodox Oxford !

Before we had become acquainted with Captain Hall's *Travels*, we read in the biography of Jovellanos that he was the first Spanish judge who attempted to appear without a wig,

gentleman,) to crowd a book with statements, which, to name them by their only befitting name, would require three little letters not very frequently used among gentlemen, though of

and that it required the whole support of the premier, Count Aranda, to carry this innovation. We smiled, we laughed at the strong predilections of mankind, at the tenacity with which we cling to errors, follies, evils, sins, hugging them as our dearest blessings, but, now we are better informed, we believe Jovellanos a demagogue, and his opponents sound politicians. They, with Hall and all who believe the British empire would crumble to pieces the very moment when no wig should be seen on the woolsack, have, undoubtedly, studied Lichtenberg's *Physiognomy of queues*, in which that distinguished writer not only proves the great importance of queues to the general welfare of mankind, but also shows how closely connected their form, twist, and bend, are with the dispositions, views, and desires of the wearer. The work is embellished with engravings representing the most important queues; it was written at the time, when, with innovations of all kinds, the cutting off of queues spread from France eastward. A continuation of this instructive work ought speedily to be written, and who would do it better than the author of the above mentioned travels? To say the truth, we have stopped sometimes at the windows of the hairdressers near the learned Inns in London, and silently meditated on the variety, beauty, utility, and superior importance of the wigs in *la haute politique*. There was the short and closely trimmed covering of a counsellor's vertex; the weightier one to cover the weightier head of the judge; the flapping periwig of the chancellor, like a lion's mane; and — what is not surpassed in venerable beauty—a bishop's wig? Shall all this splendour pass away? Shall nothing remain with us but naked prose? Shall life be

great import ; or to tell us of foreigners in this country placed by the Yankees as outposts before their private fortresses, in order to examine visitors before they are allowed to approach the autochthones themselves, (pooh ! what an ass a man must be to use such a simile, which has no sense, to imagine the possibility of such an absurdity, or to believe others so brainless as to give credit to this clumsy story ;) it is very easy to make a trip of six weeks through the country and yet write a quarto volume, like

stripped of all its characteristic ornaments, on which the poet may seize, by taking the sign for the thing ? Shall we be obliged to see all heads in hideous democratic nudity ? Shall the portrait of a Turenne soon stand before us as a beauty unattainable, yet admired, an Apollo of times gone by ? Did not Frederic the Great conquer with the long spiral queues of his grenadiers ? Has Napoleon not won his victories with the short stout queues of his guards ? Has Eugene not won his battles with flowing locks, slightly tied together ? Did Marlborough expect assistance from Mars, with a head shorn like a sheep in June ? If the Romans have conquered the world trimmed like blackguards, what is it to us ? they were heathens, and we are Christians. If Magna Charta was extorted by unpowdered heads, it is by well-wigged ones that it was expounded, developed, and applied. Can you imagine Blackstone or Mansfield looking otherwise than a weasel peeping out of a haystack ? It is blasphemy to imagine them for a moment clipped and stripped of their exalted costume ! Honour for ever to the wig !—EDITOR.

the clever author who described a journey round his table : but to speak sensibly of a people and their institutions, to let the “guessing” and the chewing for a moment rest, and occupy ourselves with matters of substantial value, to treat them merely with becoming attention and not in a flimsy flippant way, calculated to catch the many, not to gain the thinking, is, I say, by no means impossible, yet not very easy. It requires thinking, patience, a manly calmness, and some pains—requisites not as often met with as the extraordinary faculty enjoyed by some, who can throw off a book as readily as the deer throws off yearly its antlers. Such travellers resemble inexperienced youths, to whom every thing is new, every thing important ; to whom every thing affords the delightful pleasure of proving to themselves and the world their great sagacity by connecting every trifle with deep, hidden motives, first discovered by their own sharp-sightedness. They have not that experience which leads us to look at the essence of things, and to expect less variety in the ground-plan and springs of human affairs than their superficial appearance would induce the staring novelty-hunter to expect.

Two kinds of silly travellers (I do not speak, you will observe, of all the travellers who have written on this country ; very excellent men indeed have been amongst them) are, from time to time, thrown on our shore, almost periodically like the eruptions of the Geysers on Iceland. The one class arrives here with a ready-made opinion against the country they have yet to see, and a very high one in favour of themselves. They have not formed their opinion after a careful examination of all the necessary data, but because this opinion suits them, or, because they start from a pre-conceived idea, vulgarly called prejudice. Whatever they are or may have been, students of mankind or not, whether they have read or seen much or little, as soon as they set foot on this shore, they are suddenly initiated into all branches of human industry and knowledge, know the principles of all occupations, and are judges of all sciences, all arts, and all institutions.

But one art which they have never endeavoured to learn and practise is to take things as they are. A gentleman has been an officer in the army and has written a novel—two very

good things ; he arrives here, and forthwith begins ; he speaks, now in a flippant, now in a dogmatic style, in one breath, about every thing that comes under his eye, and very many that do not come within the horizon of his vision — about science, arts, politics, trade, commerce, statistics, society, education, industry, history, laws, canals, railroads, scenery, agriculture, cookery, navigation, horses, morals, prisons, pauperism, about every thing on, above, and under the earth ; he is an adept in every subject cognizable by man. A polyhistor like Leibnitz would be but a schoolboy compared to a traveller of this kind.

You know me, my dear friend, too well to suspect me of criticizing others merely because they criticize the United States. Nothing is farther from me ; do I always praise this country ? If a man prefer a monarchy to a republic, why not ; let him state his reasons, and try to make out his case by taking the Americans as an example. One of my best friends in Rome was a Dominican, and with more than one royalist I am on terms of intimacy. Let me but see sincerity, the wish to arrive at truth, and readiness to acknowledge it, and I am sa-

tisfied. I am, indeed, not one of those who believe that every institution here is incomprehensible to all human beings except the natives of this country. The institutions of the United States are the work of man, and can be understood by men, if they are founded in reason ; but the action of a cotton spinning machine cannot be comprehended in half an hour by one previously unacquainted with it, nor a nation with all its various aspects within a day. I love spirited animadversion dearly ; but let it be spirited, and not a bubble of vanity, and, above all, let it abstain from positive falsehoods with which the reverend tourist has seen fit to grace every page of his classical production.

The other kind of travellers arrives with an opinion equally ready, but enthusiastically in favour of the country. They expect—Heaven knows what. The most phantastic illusions fill their brains. They believe to find at every corner at least one Aristides, on every farm a Cincinnatus, and every street-sweeper with silk ribands, *couleur de rose*, flowing from his liberty cap, which he would be as far from doffing before Gessler's hat on the pole as was William Tell. When I was in Liverpool, I visited, with

a friend of mine and another young man, a self-deceiver of this kind, the packet which was to carry me the next day to this shore. The first thing we happened to see on board this noble and elegant vessel was an old hat, belonging, perhaps, to the "doctor."\* "What," exclaimed my friend, apparently surprised, "an old hat in youthful America!" I thought it a good hit, but it had no effect on the enthusiast; he continued to believe that heroes and matchless citizens were stalking about here arm in arm with pure philanthropists and never-sullied politicians. He crossed the Atlantic, and what was the consequence I need not say. I undertake to foretell of every European arriving here what he will think and say of this country a year hence, if he will fairly tell me at the time what he expects to find. I have done it often, and never failed.

With me it was different. I came here expecting little, because I expected little from man. I had lived in many countries and in a great variety of situations; I had already

\* It is a strange yet quite general custom with American and English sailors to call the cook, especially when a black man, "the doctor."—EDITOR.

learned to sail, when occasion required it, with a jury-mast on the wide sea of life, nor was its daily tread-mill altogether unknown to me. Experience and reality had already forced upon me, young as I was, that patient shoulder-shrugging way of regarding matters and things, which, bitter as it may be, no thinking man, whose lot it is to see mankind through the microscope, can help arriving at. Recollect what men of all ages have said, from Solomon down to the last sage. I think, then, that I took things a little more as they are than many others do; and this may be the cause of my having arrived at different conclusions. I found that the Americans have their good and bad points of character. I have won friends among them, whom I shall dearly love wherever I may be, even among the proscribed New Englanders. Their country I have found wanting in many interesting things and abounding in others. It is true, here is no gallery of pictures or great collection of statues to delight your friend, whom you know to have spent days and days in the Vatican, feeding his soul upon those realized perfections, which Nature seems continually to strive for,

but which to conceive is left to the human mind. Suppose, however, I were obliged to live in a European provincial town, what should I have there? Say, what has a man who lives in Manchester or Breslau? I find that people often compare America with Europe, when they mean London, Paris, or Rome.

The great interest of this country lies in its institutions. There the observer of society and student of mankind finds enough with which to occupy himself. You may observe at once, in this country, some of the boldest applications of principles, the most recently developed, and the first manifestations, the first pulsations, so to speak, of those principles of life which lie at the bottom of every political society. You may see in the farthest west, beyond the boundaries of organized society, the incipient stages of political relations, of law and justice laid bare, as if prepared for the student of history, and of the gradual development of man as a member of political society. Perhaps all this would become clearer to you, should I write you about the regulators and the manner in which communities, beyond the

limits of established law, meet the imperious necessity of dealing out justice ; of this kind was one of the most interesting cases that ever came to my knowledge, when, lately, the assembled men of a district arrested, tried, and executed a murderer. By what right ?— By the right to punish crime, natural, indispensable, and inalienable to every society, and growing out of the necessity, both physical and moral, of punishment.

The United States form a republic of thirteen millions of inhabitants, founded on broader principles of liberty than any former political society. This is a fact, and is it not interesting to study how so great a fact came to pass ? But you will agree that, with a subject matter of this kind, institutions and their operations must be studied, which is what most travellers are not very willing to do. My habits and occupations have afforded me the opportunity of collecting more materials in regard to the United States than, perhaps, ever a native of a foreign country had either the disposition or opportunity to collect ; whilst my long residence here, together with some additional causes, have rendered me intimately acquainted

with the whole social life of the Americans. I can say, in this respect, of them what Byron said of his acquaintance with the Italians.

If, then, you do not think me quite destitute of skill and a habit of observation, you may possibly, as you in fact intimate in your letter, consider me, in some measure, qualified to give a correct picture of this, at least, interesting country. But I could not do it, even if so many travellers had not given me a distaste for this kind of authorship. I dislike the idea of being classed among the travellers by profession. They are, next to the Bedouins, the most dangerous class of people to deal with, and I no longer permit one of them to approach me with his pencil unsheathed. "Lay down your arms," I cry, "come like an honest man, but no stabbing in the back, and you are welcome; don't drink my wine, and go many thousand miles off and say you drank cider; and put things into my mouth which never dropped from my lips."

Yet I might give a work, treating of the country, its institutions, and the true state of its civilization, without any gossip of the kind. This could be properly done only in a work

similar to that of Goede on England;\* and still deeper than that ought it to enter into all important matters. The time to do this has not yet come for me, and I dislike exceedingly to be half understood. A true and clear picture of the state of religion, theology, and church affairs, alone would require half a volume. If I say that theology, catholic and protestant, is at least a century behind the theology of Germany—I speak here of the science as such, and of the general state only, because who does not know the distinguished merits of a Stuart in Andover—that we meet with the same controversial views and limited philological knowledge which existed with us at that time, my assertions would be immediately extended, and conclusions made, to which I should be very unwilling to subscribe. How would it be possible to treat thoroughly of law and jurisprudence in a short chapter? You may unqualifiedly praise or censure in a very few words; I am not willing to do either; truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on subjects of this kind, requires a detailed investigation.

\* It has been translated into English.—EDITOR.

You must not then expect me to give you a connected account, claiming to show the United States like a well-dried plant laid out on the blotting-paper of an herbarium. For my views on some single institutions, I must refer you to single works of mine. However, as I have just made a trip to Niagara, I will write, for you and our private circle, some letters on subjects as they may happen to occur to my mind in recalling the events of my journey. But do not forget two things ; it is summer, and a summer in Philadelphia is no trifle—and you know that mercury and the human mind are like the two buckets in the well, when one is up the other is down. For several weeks we have been forcibly reminded of the situation of the three men in the fiery furnace ; yes, I have thought that we shall stand in need of some such annealing place, in order to pass with safety from this heat into the cooler days of autumn. When the air we inhale is as hot as the steam in the *Stufe di Nerone*,\* when from the bed

\* This, it is hardly necessary to say, is an exaggeration. The baths of Nero, near Pozzuoli, are so hot that it is necessary to undress in order to approach their wells. Few travellers dare to follow the guide, who is in the habit of fetching water from them, in order to boil eggs. We remember how scorch-

which receives us, parched and arid, in the evening, after the trouble of falling asleep, we rise in the morning unrefreshed and unrestored to elasticity of mind, to drag ourselves through the same existence for the next twelve hours, which is rather a permission of breathing than a real life—you must not be surprised, should you find Dante's heavy, leaden mantle of mediocrity hanging round my mind. I am astonished that we do not all become beau-ideals of morality, since this heat ought to purify the basest metals.

Without ice we should undoubtedly melt, and it is fortunate that the active farmer of the North omits not to lay in a quantity during winter, and that the enterprising merchant of New England ships it in the summer to the south, to the Carolinas, Georgia, New Orleans, and Havanna. By the way, have you seen, in the papers, that an ice-merchant of Boston has sent a cargo of his goods to the East Indies? It arrived well-conditioned, and the captain of the vessel received a silver tankard with an ap-

ingly hot the air felt in the lungs when we visited the place, and succeeded in penetrating to the end with our guide.—  
EDITOR.

propriate inscription from the governor at Calcutta. Other cargoes have followed. What an enterprise! Vasco did not dream of discovering the way for Kennebec and Boston ice to the "land of spices," when he doubled the Cape. Compare it to the paddling and creeping along the shores of the ancients, and yet Ulysses had his Homer. Some years ago, I remember, some ice arrived in London from Sweden, and the custom-house officers did not know what rate of duty to demand. They were as embarrassed as the officers here some years ago when a mummy arrived from Egypt. Was it a manufactured article? Did we want protection for our mummies? These were the important questions. Certainly it ought to pay duty. If salt pork pays duty, why not smoked emigrant? It was lucky that the spiced man, being accustomed to waiting, did not suffer from delay like the Swedish ice, which melted, and, before the decision had arrived what duty should be paid, the article which was to pay had vanished, a situation similar to many law-cases.\*

\* It is not a little characteristic of the enterprising turn of the Americans, that, while Bostonians send their ice to the

In addition to heat and other things, I have to plead want of time; I must steal an hour here and an hour there, and you cannot expect that spirit which a man may give to his writings, who has the whole twenty-four at his disposal, and may choose the time when his mind is the brightest—with myself, after I have taken that decoction which Voltaire could not obtain strong enough and Leibnitz not weak enough. I will write most piously, in the sense of Sterne: begin, and trust the rest to the gods, as many politicians do. I know not how many letters you will probably receive, for I cannot speak with the precision with which the author of the *Fredoniad* was able to sing:—

“ Songs thirty I have sung, yet ten remain,  
Crude, undigested, written in the brain.”

He knew how much his indigestion would allow him to produce. Have you seen the *Fredoniad*? All I knew of it for a long time

distant shores of Asia, a keeper of a menagerie sends an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, to catch new and interesting animals. It has succeeded, and we have now here some of the rarest and most interesting animals.—EDITOR.

was, that it was an absurd concoction, not looked at by any one, until chance threw it into my hands at an auction. If he who makes us laugh be really our benefactor, this poet deserves a more flourishing wreath than Esculapius himself. How I have enjoyed this grand poem ! It is hardly known now ; and this is a pity, for it is eminently fitted to shake the diaphragm.

## LETTER II.

Morning after a hotly Contested Election—Marathon-men—Carroll of Carrollton—American Elections—Party Spirit—Lawful Opposition—Liberty in America—Government of Law—Good Traits of the Americans—The Eastern Penitentiary—Penal Law—Affecting Incident.

A **BALL-ROOM** the morning after the feast; the *giostra* after the bull-fight is over, and the people have left the place; a stage from which *tableaux vivans* have delighted gazing friends with their fairy-like charms, and upon which now falls from without the glare of every-day reality, disenchanting green baize into green baize, and white gauze into white gauze, are sights which never failed to produce peculiar impressions upon me. I have stood on the evening of the 18th on the battle-field of Waterloo, when, as one of my company said, “the fun was o'er,” and made my Hamlet con-

temptations, which forced themselves even on the mind of a lad ; but nothing equals, I think, a morning after a closely contested election in a populous city. Rise early on the morning after and walk through the quiet streets. Walls and corners are yet covered with flaming hand-bills, witnesses and documents of the high-running excitement, which but yesterday seemed to roll like an agitated sea. You are told in large capitals that if the candidates of the other ticket are elected, the common-weal needs must perish ; our liberty, happiness, national honour are lost : close by, sticks another huge paper, which declares, in equally measured terms, that the opposite side is composed of a set of Catilinas at least, a nest of designing demagogues, corrupt, sold, and panting for the people's money. They tell you that orphans and widows, whose money has been squandered away, call upon you to vote against the opposite candidate ; they warn you to look well at your ticket before you throw it into the ballot-box, because spurious ones have been circulated by their opponents, to whom all means appear fair.\* Above these placards are

\* Elections in New England are much calmer than those

others of a somewhat earlier date, calling upon the citizens of a certain party of such or such a ward to attend a meeting, where election business of great importance will be transacted, and the chair be occupied by some old revolutionary crony, for they have their Marathon-men (may not *μαραθωνομάχοι* thus be translated analogous to Waterloomen ?) here as well as the Greeks had, and wherever an old honest revolutionary soldier can be hunted up, he is sure to be used for the chair of some meeting or other.\* It is natural ;

described by the author ; indeed, they are, of all elections we have seen, both in Europe or America, by far the most orderly. Without popular elections, we mean elections by large bodies, whoever may compose them, no true representation is possible, and wherever popular elections are, there will be at the time of the election excitement, yet, as is also our author's opinion, much more in appearance than in reality. It is like the agitation of the atmosphere, necessary from time to time, in order to clear it. We may add, however, that of all elections we ever have seen in the United States, nothing is to be compared to a well-contested English election in a large place ; for example, a Westminster election. The excitement, the overbearing rudeness displayed by the populace, and the knowledge of the immense system of bribing which is carried on in an English election, render it one of the most interesting spectacles to the observer.—EDITOR.

\* The battle of Marathon was, as may be imagined, a subject of peculiar pride with the Athenians, and the glory of

how could it be otherwise ? They are, in one respect, more than Marathon-men, because they not only defended liberty but conquered independence, and the rarer an article the higher the price. Carroll of Carrollton, for a long time the last surviving signer, received more honour than many others together, who were more active in the sacred business of declaring independence ; and the farther we recede from the time of our “ blessed revolution,” and the rarer “ revolutionary soldiers” become, the more they are sought for. I think there may be a time when people will run after me to see one of the last Waterloo-men, as my brother used to say that he had no doubt but his face, marked with the small-pox, would become in time so great a rarity that people would take it for a beauty. But to return to our election.

the heroes of Marathon, ( $\muαγαθωνομαχοι$ ) or Marathon-warriors.) was ever in the mouth of their orators; so that, at last, it degenerated into the ridiculous, as is often the course of similar things. The sweetest airs of Mozart have been so mercilessly hackneyed by street organs that we run as soon as we hear the tune.

Lucian, in *Rhetorum Praec.* c. 18, makes a teacher of elocution impress his pupil with the importance of never forgetting Marathon, however alien to the subject. “ If you speak,” he says, “ at Athens of an adulterer, relate what was done

A noise is made before every election, proportionate (or rather disproportionate) to its importance, from that of the president down to a constable ; sometimes the uninitiated would think the whole country in a dangerous fever ; new papers are established, if the importance of the election warrant it, pamphlets circulated, articles written, letters published, handbills printed, “sumptuous” dinners got up, meetings held, correspondence with committees of the same party kept up, whole districts deluged with printed speeches and political publications, all of which is expensive, and yet supported by contribution without coercion. And, in order to arrive at the true statement of the expense of government with elective representatives, I think that allowance for the expense of electing should be made, since it cannot be avoided, is inherent in the nature of this kind of government, and is paid after all by the nation ; although I allow it is a tax which

with the Indians and in Ecbatana ; but before all, mention Marathon, and Cynegirus, without which it will not do. Let always vessels pass through the Athos, and soldiers tread upon the Hellespont ; let the sun be darkened by the Persian arrows, let Xerxes flee, and Leonidas be admired, the inscription of Othryades be read, and sound the names of Salamis and Artemisium and Platæa often and close together.”—EDITOR.

falls solely on the wealthy. Yet do not believe that our elections are at all as expensive as the English ; nothing like it ; nor is the kind of expense the same. Positive bribes are not known with us, and the candidate himself has no expenses to incur.\*

The morning after the election all is quiet ; the sea is calm as if a heavy rain had fallen upon it. There hang the staring handbills with their enormous imputations and caricature exaggerations, now lifeless, tasteless, and without any further effect or use than haply to point a moral. Soon after the rains of heaven wash down these traces of man's passion. In Paris some old woman would scrape them down, and soon placards of all parties would be mashed in one vat, peaceably to combine in the formation of a new sheet, destined perhaps to the same fate.

These periodical excitements lead to curious considerations. Is it not strange that year after

\* Our expenses, indeed, sound hardly worth mentioning, when we read in English papers of instances as the following : —“ Mr. Fuller stood successfully a severely-contested election with Colonel Sergisson, which lasted sixteen days, and cost the former 20,000*l.*, in addition to a subscription purse of 30,000*l.* made by the county. The expenses incurred by Mr. Sergisson were, we believe, equally heavy.”—EDITOR.

year the same thing is acted over, and year after year brings the same bustle, noise, and clamour ?—that man never seems to gain by experience ?—that again and again excitement rises to a high pitch, though we know to-morrow it will appear like labour lost. But pray do not misunderstand me, as if I were desirous for political apathy ; nothing is worse in a free country than a lifeless disregard of its politics ; I would prefer even an undue excitement. Ambition, bad as it often is, is far better than supercilious disdain of the politics of one's own country ; one thing only is worse than both —greediness for money in politics. Wherever this corruption is found, the commonwealth is irretrievably lost. Rome and France afford the proofs. I censure only that party-spirit, which makes unjust assertions, and that clamour which knows its assertions not to be true. And how often—though I willingly allow by no means always—is it a trifle, a bubble, a mere nothing, that consumes so much activity and energy, and leads to such doubtful views of political morality ! You see, man is man every where ; the same spirit, though in another form, is observed at courts, among sects, in families, with

schoolboys, scholars, and artists. Oh, the *tabourets*, the *tabourets* of Retz !\* The “Our

\* The author must refer to a passage in the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz. It is so amusing throughout, particularly to us republicans, that we consider ourselves justified in giving a translation. On page 23, vol. ii., of the Geneva edition of 1752, the Cardinal says: “The prince had engaged to cause the *tabouret* (a chair, without back, on which certain privileged ladies were allowed to seat themselves in the presence of the court) to be given to the Countess de Foix; and the cardinal, (Mazarin,) who was much opposed to it, excited all the youths of the court to oppose all *tabourets* which were not founded upon brevets. The prince, who suddenly saw opposed to him the nobility of the court, at the head of which the Marshal L’Hospital had placed himself, was not willing to cause public excitement against himself for interests which were indifferent to him, and he thought it enough to do for the house of Foix, if he upset the *tabourets* of the other privileged houses. That of the house of Rohan was the first of the number; and imagine how unpleasant a shock of this nature must have been to the ladies of this name ! They received the news on the same evening, when the Duchess de Guimené returned from Anjou. Ladies de Chevreuse, de Rohan, and de Monbazon, repaired the next morning to her. They pretended that the affront offered to them was only to take vengeance against the Fronde, (the party to which the Cardinal de Retz belonged.) We concluded upon a counter-party among the nobility for the support of the *tabouret* of the house de Rohan. Mademoiselle de Chevreuse was much pleased that she had thus been distinguished from the house of Lorraine; but the consideration of her mother was the reason that she did not dare to contradict general feeling. It was proposed to try to shake the prince, before it should come to an open rupture; I undertook the mission, and went the

Father," and "Father of us," of the Calvinists and Lutherans !\*—the blue and green caps !—the white and red roses !—the Nominalists and the Realists !—the big-endians and little-endians, who are indeed no caricatures, at least, no fictitious caricatures—who has not seen them acted in real life ? But a few years ago, one part of a congregation, in a considerable town of New England, was for the erection of a stove in their meeting-house, whilst the rest strenuously opposed the measure ; and stovites and anti-stovites allowed themselves to be carried to a degree of excitement unexampled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In former times, it would have led to bloodshed, and put a whole province in fire. I once found the inhabitants of a small town in England in great agitation, because the rector's

same evening; my pretext was my relationship with the house de Guimené. The prince, who understood me before I had ended, said, ' You are a good relative; it is right to satisfy you. I promise you that I shall not oppose the *tabouret* of the house of Rohan.' "—EDITOR.

\* Luther had translated the beginning of the Lord's Prayer by " *Father of us*," (analogous to the Greek original,) Calvin, however, by " *Our Father*," and this difference was insisted upon with great pertinacity in the controversies and contests of the two sects in Germany.—EDITOR.

wife had appeared in church with a fashionable hat from London ; half of the female inhabitants sided with her, half were against her. A goose is a goose, and a monkey a monkey ; an ass is an ass, and a tiger a tiger, but a man—I do not know what he is, certainly not a man. Would you believe that, in 1830, a man was killed at an election in Nova Scotia ? What a tremendous tornado in a tea-kettle ! Losing a life in a Nova Scotia election ! This is carrying the fun too far, particularly for one of the party, though, according to Pierquin, dying is a “ delicious, nay, voluptuous sensation,” and no greater inducement to crime can be held out, than the sweet tickling of a guillotine,\* or the smiling little abbreviation : *Susp. per. col.*

Again, it is remarkable what excited language is used by the papers and public speakers in these times of political contest, whilst every body knows that not half of it is meant in reality. It reminds me of a picture which I

\* Pierquin, in his work *De la Peine de Mort*, thinks to prove that, as the author states, dying is a voluptuous pleasure, and that capital punishment is an incongruity since torture has been abolished, if it be the intention of the legislators to inflict pain and deter by it.—EDITOR.

found in one of my pedestrian journeys, in a Silesian tavern. It represented a fellow with a knowing face, and, as spoken by him, were written the words : " Who knows whether it is true !" thus throwing a serious doubt over every thing that was said by the garrulous guests of the inn. I happen to know here three families, in each of which there are two brothers, directly opposed in politics, and manifesting their political opinions in public and very decided speeches ; some of their sons are for, some against the father ; yet they stand on the most amicable footing with each other. On the whole, I like this much. I believe that nowhere else do men allow, with so much good humour, every one to have and follow his political opinion. You may see senators and representatives in Washington fighting deadly battles, and, an hour later, walking and joking together. Not that this always indicates that all their political course flows from interest, and not from conviction ; I have seen instances where no such suspicion can exist. No, it is because people here have always been accustomed to acknowledge in every one the right politically to act as he thinks best. It is a

manly quality which I love to see, as long as there is no real political crime imputed. But in the newspapers all, of course, wears a heightened aspect; there every thing is rouged to the utmost.

We must be fair, however, and consider that all language, if used out of the narrowest circle of our family or long-tried friends, is exaggerated, and that not in politics alone. Is not our language in social and polite intercourse equally exaggerated? "I am extremely happy to see you," "your most obedient servant;" is this not language equally overcharged with any newspaper article, for or against a candidate?\* The comparison could

\* We think all exaggerations of this kind find their beau ideal in the letter which Ibrahim Pacha of Egypt wrote to the Sultan in 1832, after having beaten him soundly, and exacted a peace on conditions sufficiently onerous for the Sultan. There is such insolence in this oriental civility of a successful rebel to his master, that we cannot help inserting it here. Ibrahim thanks the Sultan for the investiture of the government of Adana:—

" My sublime, magnanimous, awe-inspiring, mighty, great Sovereign, our benefactor, the benefactor of mankind.

" May God grant to your Sublimity a life without end, and make the august shadow of your Sublimity a protection for all men, and especially for my humble head.

" Your inexhaustible goodness has induced you, most gra-

be carried through many branches, and it must be, therefore, borne in mind, particularly by people abroad, who wish to judge of the political state of a country by its papers and other publications, that much of all the violence and contest exists on the paper alone ; there it remains and there it dies. There was a man, at the beginning of the French revolution, who edited two newspapers at the same time ; one for the popular party, one for the king, and both in violent language. I do not mean to say that he is a fair specimen of all editors and public orators, but most of them have a passion which they can pull out like the stops of an

cious Sovereign, to grant me the government of Adana as mahassilik (in farm.)

“ Animated by this new favour of your Sublimity, the duration of my frail existence shall be wholly devoted to praying to God for the prolongation of your life and reign. As my heart is pervaded by a feeling of happiness, I entertain (God is my witness) no wish but to act so as to obtain the gracious approbation of your Sublimity, and to find occasion to devote myself to your service. For the purpose of expressing my gratitude to your Sublimity, and to express my most humble thanks, I venture to lay this humble petition at the foot of the throne of the sublime, magnanimous, awe-inspiring, mighty, great padishah, our august sovereign and benefactor, the benefactor of all men.”

This letter was written by Ibrahim Pacha with his own hand, and sealed with his seal.—EDITOR.

organ. Promises, proclaimed by monarchs when they assume the sceptre, are not the only things which are to be taken as words of course, though, I confess, I think editors might be a little more civil with each other, since the Sultan has given them a good example in prohibiting, as early as 1830, by a regular fetwa, the calling of Christians Christian dogs.

Thirdly, those very bills on the corners of the street, and the perfect, good-humoured calmness as soon as the contest is over, show that the Americans, the least excitable nation\* I know of, are eminently qualified for a government of law. It is my full conviction, founded upon the little knowledge of history I have, and on constant and close observation, that there never was a nation so fitted for it, in ancient or modern times, so calculated to solve a number of difficult political problems, as the Americans, descending as they do from that noble nation to which mankind owes nearly all those great ideas, the realization of which forms the aim of all the political struggles on the European continent, and which the his-

\* Hence there is little of what is called *fun* in America. —  
EDITOR.

torian will single out as the leading and characteristic political features of the present age—namely, elective representation, two houses, an independent judiciary, liberty of the press, responsibility of ministers, a law standing above the highest ruler, even if a monarch, and a proper independence of the minor communities in the state—that great nation, which alone sends along with its colonies a germ of independent life and principle of self-action, (rendering the gradual unfolding of their own peculiar law possible,) and above all, that nation which first of all elevated itself to the great idea of a lawful opposition.\* Descending,

\* Reading over my letter, I will hastily add, here on the margin, a few ideas of mine on opposition. Do you recollect that about eight years ago, a member of parliament, I forget his name, used in the House the expression, “ His Majesty's opposition.” Now, this sounded very ridiculous, but there was a deep sense in this apparent paradox. Opposition is an ingredient part of a free government. The minister cannot act without—but the scanty paper will not allow me to say all I should wish to say. Only thus much will I add. A systematic and lawful opposition shows a high state of political development, and, if the future historian knew nothing of the English but that they first elevated themselves to this idea, he would conclude that it must have been a nation in a very high stage of political advancement. The Turks formerly did not even know of such a thing as the mere official discharge of a minister; he was turned out of office and life at the same

as the Americans do, from this nation, which seems to have civil liberty in its bones and marrow, and situated as they are in a boundless country, allowing scope to the boldest enterprise without causing discontent and political friction, (which, in countries closely populated, cannot be avoided,) — at a great distance from Europe and all her intricate questions and diplomatic influences, yet blessed with the civilization of that part of the world by means of the all-uniting sea, over which they have thrown their flying bridges, the fleet messengers of the Atlantic, conductors and

time. Now they have arrived at this stage of civilization, yet the minister is banished. In France, the discharge of a minister was formerly called disgrace. There was always the idea of something personal between the monarch and the minister connected with the dismissal of the latter. In Spain, a minister receives his discharge and banishment from the capital at the same time. In England, and now also in France, when a minister is discharged, he goes quietly to the House, and, in all probability, takes his seat with the opposition. No one dreams of conspiracies and revolutions. The monarch even has been known to have a personal liking for a minister, and to show it after his removal from office — so much greater is moral security than physical. In Asia, every dismissed vizier is supposed to meditate rebellion — he must die; in Europe, a monarch is dethroned, and allowed peaceably to make his exit. Antiquity never elevated itself to the idea of a lawful and organized opposition.

reconductors of civilization, and, in addition to all these advantages, possessed of their calm and sedate disposition—truly, if they are not made for a government in which the sway of the law alone is acknowledged, then tell me what nation is or was so. As a thousand things co-operated in ancient Greece to produce that unrivalled state of perfection in which we find the fine arts to have been there—a happy constellation of the most fortunate stars—so a thousand favourable circumstances concur in America, to make it possible that a far greater amount of liberty can be introduced into all the concerns of her political society than ever was possible before with any other nation, or will be at any future period, yet also requiring its sacrifices, as the fine arts with the Greeks required their's.

The influence of this nation has been considerable already; it will be much more so yet in ages to come: political ideas will be developed here, and have a decided effect on the whole European race, and, for aught I know, upon other races; but as the Grecian art has kindled the sense of the beautiful with many nations, but never could be equalled again (as

a national affair,) so it is possible that political notions, developed here and received by other nations, will have a sound influence only if in their new application they are modified to the given circumstance ; for it is not in the power of any man or nation to create all those circumstances under the shade of which liberty reposes here. Politics is civil architecture, and a poor architect indeed is he who forgets three things in building : the place where the building is to be raised, the materials with which he has to build, and the object for which the structure is erected. If the materials are Jews of Palestine, and if the object of the fabric be to keep the people as separate from neighbours as possible, the architect would not obtain his end by a constitution similar to that of one of our new states.\*

\* We know the author well, and are thoroughly acquainted with his political views. He is far from agreeing with those politicians who use the above argument, in order to impede exertions for liberty among different nations, as if it were a mere aping of other people. On the contrary, it is his firm belief, that from the beginning of the middle ages the European race had always in common certain broad political principles, and that, at the present time, one of these is that of representative government. And we would ask the absolutists, who designate the desire among nations to profit by

It was necessary for the Americans, in order to make them fit to solve certain political problems, which, until their solution here, were considered chimerical (take as an instance the keeping of this immense country without a garrison,) that they should descend from the English, should begin as persecuted colonists, severed from the mother country, and yet loving it with all their heart and all their soul ; to have a continent, vast and fertile, and possessing those means of internal communication which gave to Europe the great superiority over Asia and Africa ; to be at such a distance from Europe that she should appear as a map ; to be mostly Protestants, and to settle in colonies with different charters, so that, when royal authority was put down, they were as so many independent States, and yet to be all of one metal, so that they never ceased morally to form one nation, nor to feel as such.

You may say, “Strange, that an abuse of liberty, as this apparent or real party strife in the example of others as mere aping, when there was ever a more “tedious uniformity” among European states than in the feudal times? All the author wished to express is, that his true love of liberty made him regard its essence as more important still than its form.—EDITOR.

election contests actually is, should lead you to the assertion that no nation is fitter for a government of law." Yet do I repeat it. How would it be with other nations? It would be *after* an election of this kind that the real trouble would only *begin*; we see an instance in South America. Here, on the other hand, as soon as the election is over, the contest is settled, and the citizen obeys the law. "Keep to the right, as the law directs," you will often find on sign-boards on bridges in this country. It expresses the authority which the law here possesses. I doubt very much whether the Romans, noted for their obedience to the law, held it in higher respect than the Americans.

A traveller who goes from the European continent to England is struck with the respect paid to the law in that country. I conversed once with an English stage-coachman on a certain law, which I thought very oppressive: "Yes," said he, "but such is the law of the land." You might travel all over Austria and Prussia before a postillion would give you such an answer. He would say, in a similar case, "Yes, but they take good care that you do not get round them." If you go from England to

the United States, you find that there the law is held in still higher respect. But, to see the whole truth, to feel the full weight of what I say, it is necessary to see the law administered on minor occasions, to see riots quelled by citizens themselves, sworn in for the occasion, to see banks and mints without sentinels, to travel thousands of miles and never meet with a uniform ; and, farther, to observe that what the law requires is here held honourable. No man looks upon a district attorney as upon a tool of government, because he prosecutes in the name of the United States.

I was once with Messrs. —— sent by their government to this country, to inquire into our ——, in a Boston party. A gentleman of fine appearance attracted their attention. “Who is he ?” they asked. “The sheriff,” I replied. “The sheriff ?” said one of them : “is not the sheriff the officer who directs the infliction of capital punishment ?” “He is,” I answered. “And did he superintend the execution this morning ?” “He did,” was my answer. “And he here ! *ma foi*, that is rather too much !” exclaimed my friend, in whom, though a gentleman of clear mind,

all the European prejudices against every person who has any thing to do with the administering of capital punishments were excited ; but reflection soon came to his aid, and he was struck with the rationality of this state of things. The more civilized a nation the fewer are the prejudices against professions and classes. In Spain, the business of the butcher, and even the business of the wine-merchant, is considered as dishonourable ; in Germany, but a few years ago, the executioner had his own small table in the inn, and his own glass fastened by a string to the wall.—What was a merchant in France before the revolution ? what a mechanic all over Europe in the beginning of the middle ages ?

Speaking of the good traits of the Americans, I may as well mention here that they are ever ready to acknowledge and make use of ability come whence it may—a Jew, a Christian, a publican, a bricklayer, a man whom nobody knows whence he comes, will meet with encouraging acknowledgment of his capacity, if he knows any thing which they consider worth knowing. Of course, in this you will not misunderstand me. I am not now speaking of

the Americans in their more social relations. *Pour le reste*, the Americans are no more angels than other people, nor am I blind, I trust, towards the deficiencies of this country or the faults of its inhabitants. I know that the criminal code of Delaware is a disgrace, consisting of laws which cold interest and cruelty combined to enact, and that the unfathomable mud of the capital has at immense expense been changed for impenetrable dust, arising in large clouds from a road, made under the very eye of government, and of stones, which it required gross ignorance to use for the building of a highway or street.

I visited yesterday our Eastern Penitentiary, the place where the only practical and essentially merciful and philosophical system of prison discipline, that which is founded on solitary confinement with labour, was first successfully begun and continued. You have read or may read my letters to ----- on this important subject. I hope he has been able to found the criminal code which he is charged to draw up on this theory of discipline. A penal law, which only provides for the number of years of imprisonment that are to be

awarded for a certain infringement of the laws, without strictly determining the kind and manner of this imprisonment, is much like a bill which would give you the prices in mere numbers without informing you to what units these numbers refer. The nature of the punishment ought to be accurately defined, unless we choose to leave it to the discretion of the judge, as the Carolina does in so many cases. As to that matter, the Spanish law, formerly in use in Louisiana, determined only the crimes for which capital punishment is to be inflicted, but leaves it to the judge whether the criminal shall suffer by “ decapitation of the sword (for the statute, with great humanity, forbids the saw and the reaping hook,) or burning or hanging, or casting to be devoured by wild beasts ;” very nice discretion indeed ! and all this after confession had been squeezed out by appropriate means. (*Escudriñar la verdad* was the Spanish expression for getting at the truth by torture, or as it still is, for aught I know.) My motto for all penal justice is, *Lex clemens, judex certus, pœna sapiens.*\*

\* Mild laws, sure judges, wise punishments.—EDITOR.

That practical sense in which the Americans, as I think, excel all other nations, has shown itself in nothing more than in their making the manner in which punishment shall be inflicted a matter of the penal law itself. But it is not my intention to read you a lecture on penitentiaries, my dear friend ; I only intended to tell you a story.

When I was walking in the long corridor of one of the blocks of the prison, I heard two weavers, each in his lonely cell, evidently striving to outdo each other in the swiftness of their shuttles. My excellent friend the warden, seeing that I noticed the rivalry, told me that they were often observed running this race. Now this simple fact has in it something unspeakably touching to me. Two men of active minds, to whom nothing of all this vast world remains but the narrow cell of their prison-house, and to neither of whom is left, of all the possible spheres of activity in which to engage, but a rivalry with his neighbour, of whom he knows not even the name or face, in the rapidity of his shuttle ! They can perceive of each other actually nothing but the sound of this little instrument as it flies from one hand

to the other, and this sound is sufficient to stimulate their ambition. Perhaps the mere mentioning of the fact here upon paper may not affect you as the actual sight of it did me ; but to my mind there was certainly something indescribably painful in the emulation of these imprisoned hermits at their solitary loom. It affords one more illustration, of which daily life and history give so many, that man cannot deny his nature ; it will show its original and deepest traits in situations where you expect it least. Vanity has broken forth on the guillotine ; a mother's tenderness has shown itself in spite of certain ruin, the acknowledgment of superiority of mind in the black hole.

That principle, which God has planted deep in the human heart, in order to propel mankind, and without which all would stagnate — call it emulation, ambition, envy, pride, jealousy, what you will, it is originally the same—the desire of separating ourselves by some distinction from the crowd, and of outstripping our neighbour—this onward principle, as it might be called, this original ingredient of the human soul, manifests itself in this case in a most striking manner. Two men who

know nothing of each other, who are confined, and whose exertions will be applauded by no one, whose labours bring them no gain, and whose toiling is for the benefit of no favourite, but is immersed in the produce of other and less active ; two men with whom no stimulus can operate that commonly incites to exertion, and who only know that both are weavers by the rattling of the busy shuttle, yet exert themselves to surpass each other in the only kind of activity which affords them the possibility of rivalship ! Here is a strong instance of that principle in our soul which gives life-blood to society, and which, if not bridled, brings its ruin ; here are Cæsar and Pompey.

## LETTER III.

Trip to Niagara proposed—Private Conveyance of Letters—Method of sitting in America—Exchange of Newspapers—Steamboats—Robert Fulton—Origin of great Discoveries—The River Delaware—Canals and Railroads—Energy and Activity of the Americans—Their perpetual endeavours to improve—Division of Labour—Anecdote—Method of Transferring Baggage from the Steamboat to the Railway—Approach to New York by Water—Busy Scene—Peculiarity of the Situation of New York—Names of American Rivers.

“ Why shall we go to Europe’s bloody shores  
To seek the herbs which grow before our own doors,”\*

Quoth I, to a friend of mine, a Swiss, who pines for his towering Alps and their glowing summits, when the last rays of a setting sun slowly take their leave of the snow-capped peaks. “ Let’s go to Niagara,” said I, “ that seems to be no trifle either in its way.” My friend smiled at the grandiloquent lines quoted above, which I found on a catalogue of herbs

\* A true copy.—EDITOR.

and medicines gathered and prepared by the Moravians of Bethlehem ; there these good folks had put it as a sweetener for bitter draughts.

“ Cosi all’ egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi  
Di suave licor gli orli del vaso.”\*

The couplet at the beginning reminds one of a poor German peasant, lately crushed under a barn, and who was dragged from out the ruins with twenty-seven fractures ; yet he was cured ! Nil desperandum ! So do not despair of the motto ; it may, and, in all probability, does, stand at the head of very salutary preparations. Considering the immense and various mass of rhyming in the present time, from the foregoing distich to the poetry of King Louis, of Bavaria, one might almost wish that all mankind should decree as did once the constituent assembly in Paris : “ *Que dorenavant on n’entendra plus à la barre de la convention que la raison en prose.*”†

\* Thus we give physic to a sick child, by covering the brim of the vessel with sweet liquor. TASSO, CANTO i. iii.—EDITOR.

† In future, nothing shall be heard at the bar of the convention but reason in prose.—EDITOR.

My friend agreed; the day was fixed; the day arrived; he could not go, and—so I went by myself. Of a voyage round the world, the first half mile is always half the way. I have been many years in this country; every spring and every autumn I intended to go to the Falls, but always something or other prevented me. Once, I was on my way in the winter, but was called back. Now, something entirely alien brought me, at last, to execute my long proposed jaunt. Animals, which think themselves vastly superior to boar-hunting dogs, do, nevertheless, equally with these, require “barkers,” or “finders,” to stir and excite them to action.\* Some stand in need of the barker to incite them, others require the little ass which, in Lyons, is put between the horses merely to induce them to a steady pull.

\* Boar-hunting, in several respects the most interesting hunting in Germany, requires two kinds of dogs—the finders or barkers, which find the boar and follow the animal, barking all the time, and *packer*, (from the German *packen*, to seize forcibly.) The latter are very strong and heavy dogs, bold enough to attack the boar, when they come up with him, and bring him to the ground. The animal often inflicts serious wounds upon them, by tearing their flesh with his tusks. The hunter always has, for this purpose, a thread and needle to sew up the wound, if possible. The boar tries to rip open

Suppose me then on board a Delaware steam-boat, leaving Philadelphia early in the morning. "Sir, do you go to New York?"—"Yes, sir; why?"—"Please take these letters, and throw them into the post-office." I did not know the gentleman; I took the letters, at least five in number, and had no sooner opened my carpet-bag to put them in, than letters rained in from all sides, as if epistolary matter had broken loose from the clouds. The liberty which every one takes in this country, in asking you to carry letters, bundles, and, now and then, a bandbox, though very great, is what every one is equally ready to do for you, and so, on the whole, the

the belly; and it is astonishing to see how serious wounds, when even part of the intestines protrude, are cured in this way. The hunter has besides a small instrument, with which he breaks open the jaws of the dogs, which are so furious in their attacks, that, if they have once obtained a hold on the boar, a cramp generally renders them incapable of opening their mouth. Boars are shot with balls and rifles, but, when wounded, or the sow, when she sees her young ones endangered, fearlessly attack man. It is when the hunter uses his cutlass, places it in position, that the enraged boar runs it into his body; this requires much courage, and is extremely dangerous. Wild boars will call together their tribe, as tame hogs do, and, if a hunter has fled to a tree, it is not uncommon for these animals to uproot it with great perseverance, and bring down the hunter.—EDITOR.

matter neutralizes itself, and is rather a convenience. I believe, this is the only civilized country in which no law exists prohibiting private persons from carrying sealed letters. It would be considered a strange interference with private concerns if ever a law of this kind should be attempted here. The convenience of the public is the only object of posts ; if the public find a more convenient way for themselves, let them make use of it. It is only forbidden to employ the regular means of conveyance in the carriage of letters, unless a previous agreement to that purpose be made with the post-office. This is but fair. If other governments would be unable to carry on the mail-establishment, were private persons permitted to take letters, it is well to forbid such : to forbid it, and yet derive a revenue from the postage, is what many people consider a very unjust law, but to seize upon a traveller's unsealed letters of recommendation, as so much smuggled goods, as was the case with myself when I arrived in England, I hold to be barbarous. Equally arbitrary was (or still is) the law in Prussia, which prohibited a traveller who set out by extra-post from continuing his journey

by private conveyance, unless, indeed, he chose to pay a fine.

I was on the upper deck, when five lads arrived; without saying a word, each of them took a chair, tilted it over, placed himself in a position worthy the pencil of a Cruikshank, and took out a paper or book. This leads me to remark upon two characteristics of the Americans, their lounging habit, and their eagerness to read. It is strange that Americans are as unable to sit like the rest of the European race as a Turk when he first arrives in Vienna. Whatever may be the reason, and however strongly self-indulgence may plead in its favour, it is an uncouth custom; and, though not practised in the higher ranks, you meet even there with the same disposition, only refined by manner. A lady of my acquaintance carried the thing, as a joke, so far as to have in one of her rooms twelve chairs, not one of which was like the other, and that abomination, the rocking-chair, was not wanting. If the ladies but knew how ill they look in it, with contracted shoulders and raised knees! However, you do not find these mongrel chairs in the parlours of the better houses in New York

and Philadelphia. Their use is much more general in the Eastern States, where I once saw a judge on the bench rocking himself in his easy chair. That practical philosopher, Franklin, has the credit of their invention.

The following is characteristic in its way :— When the steam-cars on the railroads pass each other, and this often at the rate of fifty miles an hour, newspapers—these necessary surrogates for the market of the ancients, where every thing was transacted orally—are exchanged, so that passengers coming, for instance, from Philadelphia, receive the news of New York, before they arrive even on board the second steamboat, which takes them up to that city ; this is effected by twisting the paper into a long roll, and holding it out of the window of the car, when it is caught by the passengers in the car passing in the opposite direction. I was once present when a young chap wished to deceive the others, and held out an old paper, but what was our merriment when we found that the paper we had received in turn was of still older date !

But to proceed with my travels. The boat was full ; comfortable situations were sought,

groups of acquaintances formed, and soon all was pretty quiet. Foreigners often complain of this silence; but, besides the taciturn disposition of Americans in general, it must be remembered that a steamboat is a moving street. Would you talk to every one in a street? People of all trades and classes meet in the steamboat, and as there can be no great familiarity on an open square, so is it impossible on board "the boat," on which crowds of people collect together but for a short time. On the Mississippi, indeed, the case is different.

Much has been said about steamboats, and very naturally so. They save time, and that, alone, is saying much. Steam has become the handmaid of civilization. Steam has not only quickened the intercourse of men, but has united things which, without it, would have remained separate for ever. Steam, I do not hesitate to say, has cemented our Union. How would it have been possible for States, at such a distance from each other as Louisiana and Maine, Missouri and Delaware, to remain firmly united, had these distances continued to signify what they formerly did, had, in short, a mile remained a mile? They would have pulled one

this way, the other that way ; what interested, moved, or disturbed the one might not have affected the others ; the conductors of the political fluid would have been wanting, and the parts would naturally have been shivered asunder. It was by roads as much as the forces which used them that the Roman empire was kept together for a time.

When I was in Buffalo, I saw a steamboat, and asked the captain where he was going. "To Chicago," was the answer. How far is that? "Eleven hundred miles by water," he replied. Half the way across the Atlantic ! And this he said in a tone in which a waterman on the Thames would answer a similar question, by "To Greenwich, sir." People go to and fro between Chicago and Buffalo. There are steamboats for greater distances yet. But I probably shall touch upon the distances in the United States again, and give you some more remarks upon the subject. Let me only add here, that, in my opinion, the history of civilization runs parallel with the history of communication, both physical and intellectual, as roads, canals, steamboats, printing-presses, newspapers.

For this reason, and because Fulton made the remote regions of the West easy of access to us, thus opening an immense field of enterprise to the fast-growing population, and preventing for a long time that discontent and uneasiness, so dangerous to calm and firm liberty, with which a crowded population will ever be pregnant, I consider him a true benefactor of this Union and the liberty of the American people. Separate the Union, and you will have jealousies, misunderstandings, war; have war, and you will have armies, and taxes, and consolidation, and then—good bye to liberty. Were I asked for an inscription on the pedestal of a statue of Fulton, (which ought to stand, if possible, on the spot from which his first steamboat started,) I should propose this :—

ROBERTO . FULTON . PENNSYLVANIENSI  
FLUMINA. LACUSQUE . SUBEGIT  
ET . IN . TERRAS . REMOTAS  
ARATRUM . TULIT  
NECNON  
EXTREMAS . PATRIÆ . REGIONES  
JUNXIT  
ITAQUE . FIRMIUS  
SACRUM . FOEDUS . NOSTRUM  
PEPIGIT.\*

\* In honour of Robert Fulton, of Pennsylvania. He sub-

There is a circumstance connected with the invention of steamboats, which it has in common, though not in the same degree, with the invention of the art of printing. Most great discoveries have been made by chance or suffering. What would the world be to this day without bills of exchange ? It was cruelty that goaded men to this invention.\* What would the world be without posts and post-roads ? It was tyranny that invented them. What would the world be without division of power ? It was oppression that led to it. But the art of printing was not invented in order to multiply the decrees of a monarch or the orders of a

dued the rivers and the lakes, and carried the plough to remote regions. He united the extreme parts of his country, and thus made firmer the sacred covenant of our Union.—EDITOR.

\* The Jews, against whom the European race in the middle ages committed crimes as enormous as those perpetrated at a later period by the same race against the Africans, were driven from time to time from one or the other country, that their master, whether monarch or feudal lord, might appropriate their property to his own use. At last, these persecuted men, when Philip Augustus and Philip the Long drove them out of France, trusted their property to Christians in France, and, when they found a resting-place in Lombardy, gave to foreign merchants and travellers secret letters directed to the persons who held their property in trust, drawing thereby upon them.—EDITOR.

minister ; it was the free invention of the human mind, which had arrived at that stage of maturity where it required this means of multiplication. Nor was the steamboat invented in order to injure an enemy, or as a means of domestic tyranny ; nor was it the result of chance. It was the invention of a private individual, who foresaw the immense advantages which his country would derive from a navigation, able to brave wind, tide, and current, and which in speed would leave all other means of navigation far behind.\*

Yet, in giving their due to modern inventions or brilliant discoveries, let us not forget old ones or those which now appear so natural that millions are benefited by them, without ever reflecting upon the immense influence they have exercised upon mankind for centuries. He who invented the saw, in imitation, probably, of the jaw of some large fish, was, to say the least, no fool ; the inventors of the wheel and screw conferred as great benefits upon mankind as did Fulton ; but History mentions not their names, as she passes over all these early and

\* Let us never forget John Fitch when we speak of steam-boats.—**EDITOR.**

great benefactors in silence. We know the bold woman who taught us to protect our children against the small-pox, and Roscoe celebrates the mother who dared to return to nature.\* But who invented the distaff? When was the complicated process of making bread completely discovered? Is it certain that Ctesebes contrived the pump? A bold man, indeed, he must have been who first conceived the idea of nailing a piece of iron to the hoof of a living animal. We forget the file, the knife, the sail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk.† And yet how important is a milking cow to our whole comfort! Con-

\* The Duchess of Devonshire, who nursed her child, mentioned in Roscoe's translation of the *Balia*.—EDITOR.

† It is very frequent to see, in South America, cows either with sore udders, because the calves, having already teeth, injure them in sucking, or with very small udders, because they are left in a natural state, in which cows have not much larger udders than mares.—EDITOR.

sider what a part milk, butter, and cheese play in our domestic, and, hence, political economy. Think of a farm without milk ! Cobbet justly attaches, in his *Cottage Economy*, the greatest value to a cow ; and Finke\* calls this good animal, in a report on his province to the king, invaluable to the poor man, and he thinks that the capacity of providing food for a cow should form the standard of lawful divisibility of land. You have only to observe how much a milking cow is valued by a family, especially where there are children ; how parents feel a real gratitude towards "the good old animal," "the old lady," how every member of the family takes an interest in her meals.—And, then, who can name the inventor of that sweetest of all things, sleep, toward whom Sancho, the wise fool, felt such intense gratitude ! Ah, honest Panza, if thou wert here, in our summer, thou wouldst not say "Sleep covers a man all over

\* Von Finke, a distinguished Prussian statesman, is President of Westphalia. The work to which the author alludes must be—"Report to the Minister of the Interior on the Division of Farms and Splitting up of real Estates in the Province of Westphalia, in 1824." Mr. Von Finke is known also by a work on the domestic government of Great Britain, edited by Niebuhr, the historian, Berlin, 1815.—EDITOR.

like a cloak ;" its covering capacity hardly exceeds that of a short pea-jacket.

The Delaware has always been to me the picture of gentle peace and calm enjoyment. Its banks are low, nothing striking appears to you whilst you glide along ; but as far as you can see back into the country you behold cultivated land and fine vegetation. Many farmers here are Quakers, and capital farmers they make. You should see their neat wives, with their clean and polished vessels and nicely kept produce, in the Philadelphia market. It must be a pleasure to buy butter from them ; you imagine all the neatness that prepared it. Some parts of the Delaware present very fine pictures, for instance, when you cross from Burlington to Bristol, but I promised no description of my journey ; I write in my own way, and must be allowed to meander about.

There is a railroad at present between Bordentown and Amboy through New Jersey, whose sand reminds me of my native Mark Brandenburg. This is not the only artificial communication between the Delaware and the New York waters. I send you a map of Pennsylvania and New York, from which you

will see that there are several canals and railroads, which connect or will connect the eastern part of Pennsylvania and New Jersey with the waters around or leading to New York. Look well at this map ; I believe, as long as history records the deeds of men, there has never been a territory equal in extent to Pennsylvania and the western part of New York, where human activity and ingenuity have done equally much in so short a time for internal communication ; much as I honour the grand and manifold improvements of the ancient Egyptians. Some years ago Pennsylvania alone had spent twenty millions of dollars on her canals and other artificial means of communication. And all this is done by a self-taxing people ; it is not a powerful government, with any coercive means either over the money or the labour of the people at its disposal, but a pure representative government, which resolves upon these great undertakings : it is a subject of pleasing contemplation.

When I first came to this country, I went from the Delaware to the Chesapeake, across the little state of Delaware, (which, not unlike the rotten boroughs of England, has produced

more able men than, her size considered, might be expected,) in a confounded and confounding stage-coach. A few years later, I had to go again to Washington, and found a canal cut through Delaware state, and got on very comfortably; a year or so later, I crossed the same state on a railroad; now I wait impatiently for a passage *over* the state, for aërial navigation is the next in order, all other means being exhausted.

An American distinguishes himself from the inhabitants of all other countries by a restlessness, a striving and driving onward, without which this country would never have shot up in such an unexampled growth, and which opens to thousands of men, possessed of nothing but their energy, a successful career; whilst it also extinguishes in many individual cases the calm enjoyment of what they have and possess, a disposition the very opposite of that which gives to the Italian such deep enjoyment in his *dolce far niente*. So strangely are we constituted! Have the one, and you must resign the other. The same disposition which, in this country, renders the word *enterprising* a most popular and laudatory epithet, and which

leads a Daniel Boone\* farther and farther to the west, or guides a small New England craft to the New Shetland Islands, where her crew chase the seal, and from whence they sail for London, because they happen to hear that the market for their skins will be best there—this same disposition makes the American little satisfied with what he *has*, and therefore little fit for the calm enjoyment of any thing ; while, on the other hand, the turn of mind which makes the Roman blacksmith look out of his shop door, turn round to his hands with—“ Boys, let’s go to Monte Testaccio,” and then send for a coach, into which he jumps with his

\* Not alone young men and poor emigrants seek the distant West; many families in comfortable circumstances leave the places where they have enjoyed all the pleasures of social intercourse, and to which they are tied by all the bonds which usually *fix* a man in life, and proceed to the fertile plains of Illinois and Missouri, which they have yet to clear, and where they have to begin with the log-hut. It was but lately that a friend of mine, a gentleman born and bred in one of the largest cities of the Union, who is highly esteemed by his fellow citizens whom he represented repeatedly in Congress, whose family enjoyed the best standing, who is “ fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,” who had a most agreeable country-seat, and a farm conducted on the best principles, warranted by *his own* experience,—broke up his establishment, and set off with his whole family for Illinois. It is an instance which could not possibly happen any where but in the United States.  
—EDITOR.

journeymen and all, and dance and drink away the afternoon happy as a child: that same disposition makes him dance in rags, and sleep in a house that is no home. But if one or the other *must* be, give me, I say, the *man*, the striving, enterprising man. There is, besides, a happiness in toiling and braving of difficulties. Who rules? the Babylonian on his couch or the Mede?—the Mede or the hardy Persian? —the degenerated Persian or the stirring Macedonian and enterprising Greek? — voluptuous Asia or manly Rome? — the luxurious inhabitant of the south, or the active Englishman?

An American cannot make a piece of machinery, twice, precisely the same; he endeavours always to improve, sometimes merely to change. How beneficial an influence this disposition must, on the whole, exert on all mechanical and material affairs, you can easily imagine; it has a different effect upon those subjects which lie beyond the sphere of the mere material world. Often sufficient time for necessary development is not allowed to an institution; its roots have hardly begun to spread, when changes are begun. This is ow-

ing also to the peculiar situation of Americans in a new country, which calls continually for the application of new forces, and which leads them to look upon changes and novelties in a totally different light from that in which they would appear to the inhabitants of an old European state. But, as to the improvement of the material world, the beneficial influence of this disposition cannot be doubted, especially as the Americans are as great hands for division of mechanical labour as they are for uniting the different branches of mental labour. A few days ago I found out at my bookbinder's that the gilding and marbling of books is done by men who do nothing else, and not by the bookbinder himself. The same is done in England; I never heard of it on the continent. So do the butchers occupy themselves with killing but one and the same species of animals. Pork-butchers I have found in many countries entirely separated from the others, but here we have veal, mutton, beef and pork butchers,—each separate from the other. A farmer rarely sends his own wheat to the mill to be ground for his domestic use; he sells all his produce to the miller, and buys flour for his own

family wherever he finds it most convenient. This is at least the case in all parts of the wheat-growing States, where large mills exist, and a considerable trade in flour is carried on. Speaking of division of labour, I must tell you an instance of its consolidation, which I think is too good to be lost. “Give me a good anecdote,” I say with Horace Walpole.

There was formerly in Havanna a certain Thomas Nichols of Worcestershire, England, who kept a boarding-house. In addition, he was undertaker, and made the coffins himself. When a foreigner landed, old Nichols would shrewdly scrutinize his face; if it betrayed a bilious disposition, or otherwise seemed to give a fair chance of the stranger paying his sad toll, by way of yellow fever, for a passage into the other world, Tom would slyly steal behind him and measure his length with his cane, precisely three feet long; the rest of the measure he took with his eye, and if his store happened to be out of coffins of the requisite size, he was quick in filling up the gap. Was he not a *Walkyrie* incarnate?\* A friend of

\* Walkyries were in Northern mythology the stern beings who, before battle, designated those who should fall. A Scald represents them as fearful and cruel, but we find them

mine was once dragging himself along, half dead, in the streets of Havanna, when he discovered Nichols busy about him. "Out of the way with you, you bird of death!" exclaimed my friend, when the ever-ready coffin provider replied, with the best natured smile imaginable, "Why, Mr. Smith, you know very well you will not die a moment the sooner for my measuring you. It is not only an innocent precaution, but a necessary one; sometimes I have not sufficient hands to get a coffin ready as quick as gentlemen might require after dying in this climate."—But I have not been correct in the order in which I should have stated Nichols' various employments. He served as nurse to patients of the yellow fever, and physicked you like a good fellow if you trusted yourself to his care. He made the coffin, as I stated, he digged the grave, and lastly, he read the English Church service over you. In health, sickness, or death, he provided for you; his faithful companionship survived you. What a Hoffmann!\* In Prussia a physician

as beautiful virgins, for whom the heroes pine, because they lead to Walhalla, the heaven of the brave.—**EDITOR.**

\* Ernest Theodore Amadeus Hoffman, a Prussian, whose

is not permitted usually to provide his patient with medicine ; how would Nichols have fared there ! In 1832, when the cholera raged in Havanna, Tom died of this disease, and expressed on his death-bed great regret at being obliged to make his exit just in so fine a season, of which his successor would reap all the benefit\*.

Before I conclude this letter, it may be works have lately been translated from the German into French, was at different periods judge, leader of the orchestra, author, composer, and painter. The disturbed state of his country, caused by Napoleon's conquest, gave rise to his many metamorphoses.—EDITOR.

\* Incredible as this account of Thomas Nichols sounds, we can testify to its truth. He was a character notorious among the foreigners in Havanna. May he, who was so careful about the length of the coffin of others, have found one of proper measure, that he may rest in peace!

As the author indulges in telling anecdotes, the editor may be perhaps permitted to contribute another. We were present on a new year's day in Germany, when, according to custom, the grave-digger entered with other tradespeople the room of a gentleman to "congratulate" him, and receive in return what is called his "congratulation fee," or present. "May you live many years!" said the man of odious profession, making a deep bow. "You tell a lie," said the gentleman, "you wish me dead most heartily." "I beg your pardon," replied the polite grave-digger; "those last wages cannot escape me, and the longer you live the longer do I continue to receive my congratulation fee." The scene had some Shakspeare-like irony about it.—EDITOR.

worth while to mention the method now in use of transferring baggage from the steamboat to the railway. The baggage on coming upon the boat is placed in a large wooden machine, closed on all sides, but made of frame-work, and thus admitting a view of the interior; and is then carefully secured. When the landing place is arrived at, the whole is bodily transferred, by means of a crane, to a four-wheeled stage standing upon the road itself, when the whole moves off with the rest of the cars. When the cars arrive at the other boat, another crane moves the baggage again from the car to the steamboat, so that there is no danger of loss or delay. But a few years ago baggage was removed from the steamboat by means of wheelbarrows, then by a little waggon drawn by men, and lastly, by the present expeditious mode.

I will now describe the approach to New York city, by water, from Philadelphia. About three-quarters of a mile off from Castle Garden, a prospect presents itself of rare beauty and interest: you have at once before you a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic bank to the west, and the

numerous masts along its eastern bank, down toward the sea, over the quarantine ground and the beautiful bay, out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the plain of vision ; whilst the charming and well-wharfed Battery lies right before you, with its regular walks and fine foliage, through which may be seen a crescent of neat houses, and close alongside, innumerable masts on the western side of the Sound,\* while, on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank crowded with the houses of a busy sister-city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten Island, with her gently sloping hills, capped with country-seats ; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city ; and all the three waters strewed with vessels of all sizes and destinations, some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, alow and aloft, with a drowsy breeze, some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful com-

\* Properly speaking, this is not the Sound, but the East River; but we suppose the author chose to extend, in this passage, the name of sound thus far, as "western side of East river, on the eastern side," &c., would have sounded too statistical.—**EDITOR.**

merce, some with a heavy burden of metal ; some are coming up from the Narrows after a long passage ; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea to mark where the Atlantic ceases. Here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat, there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvass, like wide-winged gulls, at a distance, so many in number that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp on the even surface ; here are the heavy-laden Indianian, the racing packet, the nimble cutter from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and eager newsboat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skiffs of the fisherman, the flat bark of the patient oysterman, and the buoyant yacht to carry buoyant youths ; and between all these vessels move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight ! What man loves and what he dares ; Nature in all her

fulness, freedom, and grandeur, and Nature, tamed by man—all are here collected on one spot.

I know many cities that surround their harbours: New York is the only one which is surrounded by its harbour—a port-encompassed city, which sits proudly throned on her projecting island, and allows the rolling billow of the sea to kiss her feet, whilst the splendid river hastens to lay at her footstool the produce of the farthest west; the furs entrapped and hunted by the wild Indian, and the wheat gathered from the fields which reward with bountiful fertility the labour of the active white man. Around her wave, between the many stars and stripes, the welcome colours of all nations, whose knowledge teaches them to cross the ocean; and what distant countries send from all climes to this chosen queen of the waters she distributes among the many craft, winged with sails and finned with wheels, which await her orders to carry it thousands of miles into the deepest and the distant west. Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of all the seas, are spread out for her commerce; daily to those remote shores speed the

fleet messengers of the waters ; to the south of our own hemisphere, to our western shore, where the Columbia, the Mississippi's mate, empties its mighty volumes, to barter with the red man ; or on the watery desert, among the fearful crystal isles, to pursue the giant of the sea along the jealous shores of Japan, or, farther still, to the icy pole, where Asia and America meet, as if in obedience to the sceptre of the European Autocrat, swayed over three parts of the world. What flourishes in the burning regions of the south, or dwells in the waters of the highest north, what the rude African gathers or the industrious European contrives or refines, is carried to her over the vast ocean, which opens her the way to all marts of the world, and over which she sends, in all directions, our proud and cheering flag, so that the Indian of the Ganges and the Chinese on the Taho know it as familiarly as the islanders of the South Sea, the Californian, as well as the swarthy man of Guinea ; over which her vessels glide to carry assistance to the helpless sufferers of the Cape Verd Isles, or the seeds of knowledge to regenerated Greece,\*

\* Printing-presses and school-books, in modern Greek, have been carried from the United States to Greece.—EDITOR.

and by means of which we commune with Europe's art and Europe's science.

The Hudson river is generally called North river, in contradistinction to the East river, which is the name employed to denote the beginning of the sound between Long Island and the continent. I think it would be better to leave to that grand river its specific name ; we have in America generic names applied to species or used as nouns proper quite enough : yellow bird, black bird, blue bird, red bird, green mountains, blue mountains, rocky mountains, shallow river, yellow river, red river, flat river, highlands, there is no end to them. It is natural in so new a country, where innumerable new objects offer themselves to the attention, and which is occupied by a race that has passed that infantine stage which easily corrupts names, originally generic, into nouns proper. The time, when man “gives names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field,” and to rivers, islands, mountains, and countries, belongs only to that period of a nation, in which people are satisfied if they make themselves understood, without much regard to correctness ; since rules are not yet settled.

First, a generic name is given, gradually it is corrupted, and the corruption grows at length into a specific name or noun proper. Occasionally, this takes place at later periods, *e. g.* the French Charlesquint, and frequently it is even now effected by the illiterate, especially the English and American sailors. Some time or other, I shall give you a whole letter, on the subject of names in the United States and other parts of the world: it is a subject of great interest to me.

As to the noble river Hudson, it is somewhat strange that, in common parlance, he is deprived of his proper name, and the prosaic, insipid title of North river is substituted, whilst the wretched Goose-creek at Washington was honoured with the name of Tiber, with which it has indeed something in common, but, unfortunately, only its muddy appearance. But Moore has treated of this folly sufficiently. There seems to be a general disposition among men to make a great noise about small rivers. Gongora, the Spaniard, calls the river of Madrid the Duke of Rivers and Viscount of Streams. Very poetic!

Mançanares, Mançanares  
Os que en todo el aguatismo

Estois Duque de Arroyos,  
Y Visconde de los Rios.\*

If I remember aright, the city of Turin is styled her Excellency. If the Mançanares is duke, what shall we think of the Hudson, the Rhine ? They are royal highnesses at least, and at that rate the Mississippi, Oronoco, and Amazon rivers, deserve the imperial crown. I should suppose Gongora would call the Himalaya pope of mountains, or, better still, a council of peaks ; and how tender it would sound to call a rivulet, in a pastoral, sweet, murmuring, gentle Monsieur de —, or limpid hidalgo, transparent baronet ; every brook and puddle might be knighted, and we, to remain republican, might say in future Squire Schuylkill, Captain Raritan, Judge Kennebec, General Goose-creek, or the Honourable Ohio. As in the olden times of Greece, when “every tree its driad had ;” we would animate all nature around us, and make, at once, out of these utilitarian times a most poetic age.

\* Mançanares, Mançanares, thou who in all waterdom (this would be a correct translation of *aguatismo*, and we believe as good a word—the dictionaries have it not,) art the duke of rivers and viscount of streams.—EDITOR.

## LETTER IV.

German Emigrants — National Cleanliness — Importance of Science — American Servants — Dress of American Women — Negro Servants ; their love of finery — Estimation of Women in America — Anecdotes — Ladies in the Senate — Age of Wigs — Universal application of the term, "Lady" — Female Inconsistency — Single Life, and Married Life — Self-possession of American Girls — Female Education in the States — Description of American Women — Beauty of English Ladies — Brightness of Mind — *Tableaux Vivans* — Infrequency of Unhappy Marriages — The beautiful Albanian — Thorwaldson's Rapture — Passage in a Work written by James Bonaparte in 1527 — Niggers.

At my landing on the wharf in New York, I found several groups of German emigrants, just arrived from Europe. Some of them looked pretty well dressed, and showed that they had come with sufficient means to proceed immediately to the west, and to settle there ; others, who looked very poor, had first to go

through the ordeal of a poor emigrant, who is obliged, for want of means, to tarry in or about a large city, where he is, of course, exposed to the miseries inherent to a residence in a populous, foreign place, without any means of *independence*, and often becomes a prey to swindlers, with numbers of whom, as you may well imagine, they meet among their own countrymen: worthless fellows who have arrived long before them, and know all the ways of robbing these poor and helpless creatures of their last farthing. I know it from many of my acquaintances in New York, who belong to a charitable society, one of the objects of which is to assist destitute emigrants, that one of the great dangers which await the latter in that city is, their falling into the hands of certain boarding-house keepers of their own nation (of course only *certain* of these,) who strip the poor families of every thing they had the good luck to be able to bring along with them; like wolf-dogs, they are the enemies of their own species.\* A German emigrant generally

\* In Brazil, retail dealers in slaves are always coloured people, and coloured drivers on plantations are the severest toward their fellow-negroes.—EDITOR.

remains in a large city only as long as he cannot help it; his great and laudable desire is always to get a farm, and to own it. The Irish are, in this respect, very different; they prefer the cities, and wherever you meet with a populous place in the United States—I do not only speak of the Atlantic cities, but also of those in the interior, such as Albany, Utica, Cincinnati, Louisville — you are sure to find a great number of poor Irish in and about it. The German, as I said, pushes on; if he has not the means to proceed immediately to the west, and must take his temporary abode in a large place, it is only in order to save, as soon as he possibly can, the requisite sum to carry him and his family to those parts of the Union where land is cheap and fertile. Here again he has not, perhaps, the means to purchase a few acres, though government sells public lands for the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. If this is the case, he will first work for another farmer, never, however, losing sight of his main object, the having of a farm to himself. As soon as he has it, he loves it as a German trooper loves his

horse ;\* it becomes his “ all in all,” so that he sometimes forgets the proper mental education of his offspring. Scotch emigrants, I imagine, generally arrive here provided with sufficient means to begin farming immediately ; and it is very interesting to see how the Scotch and Germans — among whom I count the Alsa-

\* The German farmer loves his farm sometimes to the disadvantage of his own family. In some parts of Pennsylvania, the love of the farm has degenerated, it might be said, into a kind of mania. You can find there, barns as large as well-sized chapels, with glass windows and blinds ; whilst in these very parts, little has been done for the *schooling* of the people. The love of the German for his horse, which, in Germany, induces him to expect by far too little labour from the latter, in riding as well as driving, shows itself also in the German farmer of Pennsylvania. They prefer heavy horses — fine animals, it is true, but sometimes too heavy for agriculture. Horses form, perhaps, the only subject in regard to which a Germanico-Pennsylvanian farmer is a prodigal.—A German treats his horse with affection ; an Englishman or American more like a useful thing, to the care of which he is disposed to bestow every proper attention, and, in fact, he works harder for it than the German ; an Italian or Frenchman is hard, often cruel, to his horse ; a Greek treats his beast shamefully. We remember having seen, when a child, French cavalrists, who, unable to follow their regiments, because their horses were galled, and preferring to stay in a large city to field duty, rubbed the backs of their horses with a brick to make them sore again. A German cavalrist could not have possibly done it.—*EDITOR.*

cians, since they are French in a political sense only, always show their national predilections wherever the wide west offers them a fair chance of displaying it. The Scotch uniformly select hilly parts of the country, and dearly love their dairies. Germans prefer the water-side ; they settle upon land bordering upon rivers and creeks.

You can judge from what I have said how valuable German emigrants are to our country, if they mingle with the Anglo-American race. "They are sober, industrious, and excellent farmers," is the universal testimony given of them. I have found that of all nations with which I have become acquainted by personal observation, none has, at home, less of a money-making disposition than the inhabitant of the interior of Germany. Although he always endeavours to save, to "lay by," as it is called, he seems very generally to entertain the idea that an acute attention to gain by methods of speculation has something not quite honourable about it, except in a merchant, and, again, as all he has has often been acquired by frugality and economy, he is

not very ready to part with it.\* He has not that pride in the appearance of domestic and substantial comfort, of which the English race is possessed, that has given rise with them to the development of so many resources of national wealth, and has so greatly promoted their feeling of independence and civil liberty,

\* In this, as in many other respects, the German and American characters are directly opposed: the German, partly from a want of practical sense, partly from an enthusiasm peculiar to his nation, and partly because the political state of his country does not admit the freest play for his industry, is satisfied with a moderate gain, without continually endeavouring to discover how more might be obtained. If he have the money he is slow in spending it; a saving disposition is universally recommended and taught as a virtue; and the invariable desire of a German to leave something substantial to his children confirms him still more in a frugal disposition. The American, *wide awake* to gain of all kinds, is also ready to spend it freely, when he has made it; his house, dress, &c., must be of fine quality. This can be accounted for by many reasons: first of all, the field for energy and industry in the United States is so great, that there is little doubt of any man's success, if he has acquired a sound education, mental and moral. Again, the absence of privileged classes incites many people to elevate themselves, in matters of appearance, to the level of others, from whom, in Europe, they would be perfectly willing to keep a respectful distance; this, and the idea of a *gentlemanlike* appearance, so peculiar to the English race, and of so mixed a character, contribute considerably, we have little doubt, to produce the result in question.—**EDITOR.**

which, however, not unfrequently degenerates into mere ostentation. This disposition of the German has free scope to show itself in the United States, especially as you must add to the effect of his rational education, that in the case of the poorer sort of emigrant — which constitutes the greater part — the pleasure, and a pleasure it is indeed, which a man finds in accumulating property for the first time in his life — property that he can truly, without any reservation, call his own — this great pleasure is founded upon the original principle, the inextinguishable desire of property, which has been planted deep in our breast, to make it a foundation of all civilization — the anxious wish “to see our own wheat fall under our own reaping-hook.” The first fifty livres we are able to save are not only, as Rousseau says, half of our fortune — were it that of a Girard or a Rothschild — but they are, also, partly on this very account, the pleasanter half. When a poor German arrives here, it gives him infinite pleasure to be able to lay by some of his earnings, and, as it is not possible for him to realize immediately the idea of credit, banking, &c., his savings must needs be in silver, in

shining dollars. He thinks silver is the only true money, as it is the only one with which he was acquainted in his native country, and as it represents to the eye, in a way more pleasing and more suited to his comprehension, the sum which he has been able to save.

When I lived in Boston, German labourers of the glass-works in that city would often bring me some money tied up in a handkerchief, that I might save it for them. They would not only reject my advice to deposit it in the savings'-bank—a safe institution, if ever there was a safe place of deposit any where—where they might have got interest, because, they said, “they would receive, for all their money, nothing but a little book ;” they would not even allow me to change their money for bank-notes, in order to preserve my trust with more convenience to myself, so that I was, from actual want of room, forced to decline acting any longer as their treasurer. One day, an honest German tailor came to me with a request that I would take the trouble to transmit fifty dollars of his hard earning to his poor mother in Germany. It would have given me real pleasure to assist him in so

praiseworthy a work ; I had done similar services to others before. But when, in the course of his inquiries, he learned that I should never send the self-same money — consisting of all kinds of coins — that he held in his hand, far into the interior of Germany, to some village in Baden, where his mother resided, but only a draft, upon presenting which, his mother should receive the money from a gentleman in Carlsruhe, he began to shake his head, and said, “he would think about it.” In the course of the day he returned to take his money back. It was utterly impossible for me to represent the matter to him in its proper light.

You find, therefore, very frequently, that German emigrants save their money, without reaping any interest. Sometimes, if a German dies, his heirs will find some little bag, a stocking, perchance, in some hidden corner of the garret, filled with the delightful metal which made Byron so eloquent, and gave the Dey of Algiers, as Niebuhr the elder relates, every evening the greatest pleasure of which he was susceptible, when, placed in a box before him, he could dig in it with both hands and let

it run through his open fingers. I think there must be a chemical affinity between man's nerves and gold and silver. Can cowries ever delight as much as shining metal? Would man commit the grossest incongruities for beaver-skins or mats, though a legal tender?

The Germans, as I said, form a most valuable addition to our population, when mingled with the great predominant race inhabiting the northern part of this continent. Whenever colonists settle among a different nation, in such numbers and so closely together that they may live on among themselves, without inter-mixture with the original inhabitants, a variety of inconveniences will necessarily arise. Living in an isolated state, the current of civilization of the country in which they live does not reach them; and they are equally cut off from that of their mother country: mental stagnation is the consequence. They remain a foreign element, an ill-joined part of the great machinery of which they still form, and needs must form, a part. Sometimes, indeed, particular circumstances may alter the view of the case. When the French Protestant colonists were received into Prussia, it was perhaps ju-

dicious to allow them, for example in Berlin, to form for a time a community for themselves, to have their own jurisdiction, schools, and churches, because they were more perfect in many branches of industry than the people among whom they settled ; and, had they been obliged to immerge forthwith, their skill, so desirable to those who received them, might have been lost.

At present, however, they too are immersed in the mass of the population ; besides, the inconvenience arising from their forming a separate community was never very great, since they were few in number, and belonged by their professions to the better educated classes. But take an example in the Hussites, who settled in Germany ; remember the Bohemian village near Berlin, called Rixdorf, the inhabitants of which obstinately refused intermarrying with Germans, and many of whom, until very recently, continued to speak Bohemian only. Those, therefore, who lately proposed to form a whole German state in our west, ought to weigh well their project before they set about it, if ever it should become possible to put this scheme into practice, which

I seriously doubt. “Ossification,” as the Germans call it, would be the unavoidable consequence. These colonists would be unable, though they might come by thousands and tens of thousands, to develop for themselves German literature, German language, German law, German science, German art ; every thing would remain stationary at the point where it was when they brought it over from the mother country, and within less than fifty years our colony would degenerate into an antiquated, ill-adapted element of our great national system, with which, sooner or later, it must assimilate. What a voluntary closing of the eyes to light would it be for a colony among people of the Anglican race, which, in point of politics, has left every other race far behind, to strive to isolate itself !

You cannot refer with propriety to Græcia Magna as a proof of the contrary. As large as Greece herself, close to the mother country, and within ear-shot of no other language—Græcia Magna would rather compare to the United States themselves with reference to England, than to an isolated colony of the kind in question. Nor could you properly instance

Marseilles. This was a commercial colony, united to the mother country by the sea. All these formed no part of another nation, among whom their inhabitants had settled. Louisiana proves what I say, and would still more so had it not a lively seaport, by which it keeps up a constant connexion with Europe; though I allow, that the great ease with which this originally foreign state has nevertheless been made to enter into our whole national system has also struck me as a phenomenon deserving the greatest attention. There are large counties in Pennsylvania which prove what I say. So little are they carried along in the general course of the surrounding parts, that they even are disinclined to promote instruction.

Quite a different question it is whether German emigrants ought to preserve the knowledge of German language, and German education in general among them. By all means! Have schools in which both German and English are taught. Nothing is easier than to learn from infancy two languages at once, and few things are more important than the knowledge of two languages, especially if the one besides the native idiom is the German. Whilst

in most sciences more is to be learnt through the medium of this language, it is more difficult than the idioms which belong to the Latin stock, and it is well to overcome the difficulty early, when, in fact, it appears to the pliant mind of a child as no difficulty at all.

I saw something whilst looking at these emigrants in New York of which I had not been reminded since I had left the European continent \* \* \* \* So you may see in Italy, Spain, France, and, though very rarely, at times in Germany, the friendly service performed by the lowest classes in the streets, of freeing one another from uninvited personal attendants.

I will mention to you a fact, one of those apparently trifling yet characteristic facts which ought never to pass by unnoticed, that so long as I have been in England or the United States I have never seen that peculiar movement of the shoulders and upper parts of the body which indicates a molestation by those animals with which Marius said the then Roman state was infested, when he coarsely, but justly, compared it to a ragged cloak found by a peasant on the road. England has not only

succeeded in freeing herself from wolves and boars, but also other animals of prey, nearer man. And, believe me, British cleanliness is intimately connected with British strength and beauty, British liberty, British public welfare and industry, both as consequence and cause, just as Neapolitan, Portuguese, and Russian sloth is closely connected with the civil worthlessness of those nations. But I am getting upon one of my hobbies, the great importance of national cleanliness, and, therefore, shall forthwith break off.

In like manner as I was astonished when I saw the worn-down, weather-beaten, ruined figure of the Moreote women, and compared it with that of the German peasant woman, so the brown, care-worn faces, the bent figures, the muscular arms and dark hands, the soiled dresses of the poorer sort of the female German emigrants, surprised me to-day, when comparing the latter to the women of this country. They look like other beings: verily, verily, one feels inclined to stop and meditate upon those governments, which, though they have acted for centuries on the principle that they have a right and are bound to interfere with the

private concerns of the subjects, yet leave such great numbers of human beings in so backward a state of civilization. And I thought of the smoky huts I have seen in Mecklenburg, and the small amount and incipient state of ideas which move the mind of their inhabitants. I could not help thinking of the Bohemian peasant, of the farmer in some parts of France, of Russia, Poland, Portugal—what progress in any branch have they made for centuries and centuries? In mental cultivation? or in common industry or mere physical comfort, or religion, or social refinement?

I love science from my inmost soul; establish royal academies and undertake scientific expeditions, the more the better; I hail a Ross, I pray for a Humboldt; but I say, while you do the one, omit not the other.\* To “widen the circle of ideas” is undoubtedly the noblest

\* We know that the author sincerely regretted that the United States did not do more than she does for the support of science, and did not unite,—for doing which it has so abundant means,—with other great nations in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, such as measurements, voyages of discovery, support of scientific inquiries, too expensive for private individuals. “England,” we have heard him often say, “has already two observatories in distant colonies, one on the Cape

achievement of man ; but let the boundaries of knowledge be widened in all directions. Do not provide men merely with abundant means to run up a spire of new ideas, but extend also and strengthen the foundations ; make *men* of *men*, and leave not the mass in such a backward state while a few ascend to the highest regions ; a few, whom you know well, I do not undervalue, and whose labours I believe to be of the greatest benefit to mankind, whether their utility be apparent or not. Let no man stop—provided he is once in the right way,—to ask himself, “is my inquiry likely to be useful.” Go on, unconcerned about the application of knowledge thus boldly obtained ; you add to the treasures of knowledge, and mankind will most surely profit ; but let not these towering inquiries stand like pyramids surrounded by dreary sand—by a desert of people, reduced to the consumption of the smallest possible quantity of ideas.

I am a fervent admirer of the fine arts, and consider their influence upon mankind to be of the utmost importance from their refining and of Good Hope and the other on Van Diemen’s Land, and we are not ashamed of not having a single one in our own country.—**EDITOR.**

ennobling power ; nay, I truly believe that this influence is of much higher importance for the lower classes than the wealthier ones ; but let not the fine arts be cultivated in the style of a Justinian, of whom it is said that he appropriated for a year the salary of every teacher in the empire towards the erection of St. Sophia, and that to cover its dome he employed the leaden pipes which conveyed water to various parts of Constantinople. Jerome promoted also the fine arts in Cassel, but then he drained all the kingdom besides. Oh, I have known Indians,—I admit they were exceptions to their fellows,—whose minds were more expanded than those of many European peasants or workmen in manufactories, whom I have seen, particularly in the north, where nature in itself offers a scantier opportunity for the development of mind than the south, and where man sinks into mental torpor, if the life of his community does not afford him ideas to lead him to reflection, and physical materials upon which to work.

In America you never see a woman working in the field, except, yet even then but rarely, with some German or Dutch farmers. I cannot

describe to you how strangely it appeared even to me when, on my travels, I found a German woman hoeing in the field. American servants, in the northern and middle States, are better educated than those in Europe, and in general parents need not be so much afraid here as they are with you, lest their children should learn their faults from them. An American servant has a more independent, and, consequently, a morally higher opinion of himself than the servants of other countries. "Say," said I, one day to a servant of mine, "that I am not at home," disliking exceedingly to send word to a person who wishes to see me, "I am within, but unable to see you;" when she answered, with perfect modesty, "I beg your pardon, but I really cannot do so." I had to make a long explanation to the effect that the phrase, "the gentleman is not at home," means, as thus employed, either that he has actually gone out or is not at home for the inquirer, and that this way of giving the answer is more agreeable to the inquirer himself. That this state of things has its inconveniences I allow, but who will not like being served by a being who stands before you fully possessed, in his individual capacity, of his rights and privileges?

All servants in the United States go better dressed, and, you know, I am a great advocate of good dress. The dress is half the man, says a German proverb, and if its intended meaning be that it makes half the man as to the respect paid by others, I mean that it makes half the moral man. A man in clean and decent dress will generally behave himself decently. That this better dressing has again its abuses, as all things in our sublunary existence, may be readily granted, especially as American women have, generally speaking, a great fondness for fine dress. You will say "all women have :" granted. Go out on a fine afternoon in Philadelphia, and you will be astonished at the numbers of women neatly and tastefully dressed, even in streets which the fashionable world never enters. American women have, I think, generally, considerable tact in dressing. There are few even third and fourth rate mantua-makers, in any of the larger places, who have not their *Petit Courrier des Dames* of Paris, in order to let their customers choose the newest fashions. This little code of fashions is also found in most millinery shops in Cincinnati as well as in New York. I saw it in the window of two shops in Buffalo. I allow

this desire of dressing well is not unfrequently carried to ruinous extravagance in the larger cities, and in New York perhaps more so than in others. Broadway will show you many mechanics' wives, in one afternoon, dressed like the richest of the land. As there is here no actual difference of classes, in a political sense; the reasons why she should not dress as many do are often not taken into consideration by the wife of the mechanic. Do not, however, forget that this abuse, ruinous as it is, and originating in a silly desire of outward show, is but another effect of the same cause which produces that love of independent ease and comfort, that elevates the mechanic to the rank of citizen, which incites him to the laudable ambition of giving to his children the best possible education ; and which, in the case of the farmer's wife, is one of the various causes which raises her husband to a higher station in the United States than he any where else in the world enjoys.

I wish you could see some negro servants dressed in their best. They go in heavy silks, with fashionable hats, fine gloves, worked stockings, elegant parasols, lace veils ; some looking

like caricatures, some not. The good wages they receive enable them to go exceedingly well-dressed.

Having touched upon the subject of American women, you will wish to hear more from me on the same: since it is the desire of every one to know what situation the females of a country enjoy. I will endeavour to satisfy your wish as far as I am able. Let me begin with saying what I shall conclude with; that I have a high respect for the American ladies, and that they fully deserve the character of great amiableness.

From what I have said, and much more indeed from your personal knowledge of me, you well know that I consider the proper station of woman as of the greatest importance in national as well as private life. I need not dwell upon this vast subject, which history elucidates with so many striking examples. But it must not be forgotten that, as the woman may hold a situation too low, she may be placed in an equally false position on the other extreme. Such was that which she occupied in the higher circles of France for nearly a century. When colonels were found in the antechambers em-

broidering, and ladies took the lead in philosophy and politics, the whole society must have been in a rather disjointed condition. Far be it from me to intimate that any such state exists here ; it would require and be the cause of intrigue, and intrigue is unknown in America.\* I only mean to say, that the consideration in which the women of a nation are held is far from serving as a safe measure of its real civilization—as has been vaguely though frequently asserted. The woman must have her proper station ; since different individuals and, more particularly, different sexes, are fitted to move in different spheres.

It is a good and beneficial trait of the Americans, that they hold women in great esteem. An American is never rude to a woman ; let a single woman travel from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, and if she be of respectable appearance, she will not only meet with no molestation on

\* At least it is so totally and decidedly discountenanced in its slightest appearance, that, as to bad example, it can be said not to exist, and can, in reality, exist but in a very slight degree in the largest cities ; and as the highest circles, which, in all social intercourse, will always take the lead, are probably the freest from it, you will very properly conclude that the evil cannot exist to any great degree, in fact, far less than in any other country.

her way, but very soon some gentleman or other will take her under his protection, and she may proceed with perfect safety. The consequence is that many very respectable females, of course not ladies of the higher circles, travel alone in the United States. Nay, if those who have no claim to a respectful treatment move from place to place for the same reasons as many females proceed to the Leipzig fair, they assume invariably a respectable appearance, without inconveniencing that part of the company unacquainted with their history.

The Americans are not a race of French agility, and, therefore, cannot be expected to show that pliant politeness toward women which depends, in a great degree, upon this peculiar quality ; they are not easily excitable, and, consequently, not versatile in conversation ; they, therefore, cannot show that quick politeness which depends upon this inventive brightness of the moment ; but they are essentially and substantially polite, ready to serve a woman, of whatever class, and to show the greatest regard to the female sex in general.

You probably recollect the doleful story which Mr. Stuart relates of his back seat in the

stage-coach. I do not doubt his account in the least ; it is in perfect keeping. I have seen a hundred times a woman enter a stage-coach, wait, without saying a word of apology, until a gentleman had removed from a back seat, and then, with equal silence, place herself in the vacated situation. Here I must observe that, in my opinion, an American lady accepts with greater *nonchalance* any act of politeness, than the women of other countries ; by which they imprudently deprive their social life of much of its charm. A smile, a friendly glance, a gentle word—who cares for holding the stirrup if he cannot expect thus much.\* Yet, as you may

\* An anecdote, by way of illustration. The manuscript of a part of this work, containing the description of the author's adventures in the battle of Waterloo, was lent to a lady, and a most sprightly one, too, who returned it, after having perused it, without a line or even a message, though she declared afterwards, that she had read it with intense interest, and showed, in fact, that such was the case. We immediately told her that we should be obliged to give an account of her parsimony in writing, which hereby we have done. [Before the proof sheet went out of our hands, we received the sweetest note imaginable, from the lady above, now an amiable penitent, and our great veneration for the ladies of America obliges us to add this fact, however the worthy printer may grumble at our giving him the trouble of "overrunning" a number of pages. They will not be the first *pages* that have been obliged to accommodate themselves to ladies.—EDITOR.

imagine, there are many sweet and lovely exceptions. Women belonging to the industrial classes in America, I have observed to be, in comparison with those of a similar rank in other countries, particularly imperturbable by politeness, perhaps owing to a certain shiness, and, perhaps, it is more observed because you are brought more into contact with people of all classes in this country than in others ; for here all the world travels, the richest and the poorest, the blackest and the whitest.\* How often have I handed a lady into the stage-coach, or picked up a handkerchief, or handed her some dish at dinner, when travelling, without receiving as much as a word in return.

I met lately with a pleasing instance of the regard paid to the female sex in the United States. A separate place has been appropriated to the delivery of letters to females, in New York ; and an editor, noticing this arrangement

\* Our coloured servants take regularly their summer's trip. " By a report made to the New Jersey legislature, on the 7th of February, 1834, we find that nearly one hundred and ten thousand passengers were conveyed between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, by the Camden and Amboy railroad line, during the year 1833, from January to January, summer and winter."—EDITOR.

and approving of it, suggests the propriety of having an awning or covering of some description to protect the applicants from the sun. Of course, only women who have no servants to send, or no home so fixed that the carrier may take the letters to them, go in *propria persona* to the post-office, and for them was this considerate arrangement made. Was it not Mirabeau, who said that he felt as if he should fall on his knees on the well-paved side-walk, when he arrived in England, and thank the gods that he had come to a country where some regard was paid to the foot-passenger ! Here he might pray erect, as the ancients did when they poured forth their joy. Had the arrangement in question been made, not for the convenience of females, but in order to separate certain women, always busy about the post-office, from the place of general delivery, the considerate regard for the community would have been equally praiseworthy.

I once saw a young, gay gentleman taking, in a stage-coach, a baby from a lady and holding it in his lap, I should think at least half an hour. I thought it, of course, very amiable, but really I was also barbarian enough to think it quite

sufficient, in all conscience, to bear good-humouredly the act of travelling in company of a non-domestic baby.

I always have considered Mahomed very impolite for denying women a soul, and the Andalusians ought to be ashamed to this day, that their forefathers, the gentlemen of Gades, according to Strabo, prohibited women from entering their temple of Hercules.\* But I really wish ladies would keep out of the way where they are not in their sphere. I would say, "Don't show this passage to the ladies of your family," did they not know already my opinion on this point, and, moreover, that it originates from my great veneration of the sex.

A poor fellow of a traveller wants, for instance, to hear the great men of the nation

\* And as the superintendent of the Auburn State Prison, who states in his official report: "I have under my care about four hundred and fifty male prisoners, and nine females, and I would cheerfully undertake the care of an additional four hundred and fifty men, *to be rid of the nine women*;" why, he ought to be lapidated on the spot. How could he dare to assert such enormity, when he knew that the law of his State considers womankind so precious that a schoolmaster in Renssellaer county has been fined a thousand dollars for having kissed one of his female pupils?

“ talk.” He goes to Washington ; by eleven o’clock, the morning after his arrival, he proceeds to the Senate, though its business only begins by twelve o’clock. He thinks he has secured a seat. But by that time ladies begin to drop in ; presently they seize upon all the seats. Very well, allow the poor fellow but a fair stand ; but no, he is obliged to squeeze himself in a corner, pressed in from all sides ; mercy, ye gentle souls, allow him but a free passage from his ear to the debaters, and treat the rest of his body as though it were a bale of cotton under the hydraulic press ! The prayer is said ; he stretches his neck like a turtle, and turns his eyes away, in order to bring his ear the better into a position that it may catch a sound, which Echo, more merciful than the ladies, may throw into it. His twisted neck begins to ache ; his eyes are closed, he thinks “ now for the treat,” when, unhappily, some officer of the Senate taps him on the shoulder : “ Sir, there are ladies coming,” at the same time shuffling and pushing chairs over the heads of innocent listeners and constituents, crammed in like the camomile flowers of the Shaking Quakers ; but they have nothing to

do here, it seems. At last, the officer succeeds in working a passage, and, lo, as if a canal of bonnets, feathers, and veils had broken through, in they rush ; there is no use in resistance “when this element breaks through.” Without a single “I beg your pardon,” or betraying the least sorrow at disturbing you, the ladies drive the poor man out of his last retreat ; “out with you, badger, out with you !” he must needs give way, the contrary would be rude ; and—*manos blancas no ofenden.*\* The poor man who has come, say five hundred miles, to hear the Senate, is standing by this time near the door, with a longing look toward the President, if he has found an opportunity to turn his head back again ; and now the debates begin, but, alas ! the ladies also begin, and our unlucky traveller retires ; all he has heard of the Senate having been a lisping from sweet lips, directed, perchance, to a polite Senator himself. I truly and sincerely think that legislative halls are, generally speaking, not places precisely calculated for ladies, for many and, I humbly think, very weighty reasons.

\* A Spanish proverb: white (female) hands cannot offend.  
—EDITOR.

Taken all in all, it seems to me that woman, in the best times of the Roman republic, had a position in society as near to what she ought to have as at any other period of the world, and with any nation. Thus much is certain, that the history of no people has recorded so many adorable examples of female virtue and elevation of soul, as the history of "better Rome." But Lucretia, Valeria, Veturia, Volumnia, Cornelia, Porcia, and the late and noble Arria, never went to the Senate-house. I know full well that our society, resting on different principles from that of ancient Rome—witness our refinement, our industry, our generally diffused system of education, our social intercourse, which has grown out of a natural transformation of that of the chivalric times, of which, nevertheless, many elements have passed over as integrant parts of the new order of things—has different demands, and requires different positions in the members composing it; yet much is ever to be learned from whatever once was great.

Why not have, in the good old style of the early church, a box with lattice-work, or some seats for a few matrons; but as to giving up the whole place left for humble listeners to

young ladies of sixteen and seventeen, who turn the Senate-house into a lounging-place, it is, permit me to say it with a bow which craves indulgence, unfair. Now, if a law were passed that no lady under twenty-five years should be admitted, I bet my life the whole difficulty would be removed. The English, as yet the great masters of what I would call parliamentary management, in which we are the next best—but the French, to no little injury of their whole scheme of liberty, are totally deficient—do not admit ladies, except on some particular occasions, in the gallery of the house of lords.

Suppose the same disappointed man whom we have seen swimming, without success, against the current in the Senate-house, is desirous of hearing an oration on some political subject, to be delivered in a public hall or church. He starts early, to be certain of a place, but, oh Jove, protector of the strangers! when he arrives, all seats, below and in the first rank above, are already taken by the ladies, whose pretty heads are in as quick motion as their fans, which gives to the whole scene the appearance of an agitated sea be-

tween breakers. But the stranger espies a yet empty space; to this he directs his course; it is difficult, and may cost him a flap of his coat, but, never mind, he is anxious to hear the orator of the day. He penetrates, at length, to the spot where he expects to rest in peace. "Sir," says, very politely, a man with a short stick in his hand, "these seats are reserved for the gentlemen who form the procession." Confound it, internally exclaims the disappointed man, and makes his exit. I remember I was once unable, on occasion of the delivery of a Latin oration at a public commencement of some college, to penetrate a crowd of ladies, composed, almost without exception, not of mothers, but of young fashionables. I am resolved to do my best to get up a *Polite anti-ladies-thronging-poor-men-out-of-every-chance-of-seeing-any thing-Society*,\* and have branches established all over our Union. If I am made president, I'll certainly use my influence to get Mr. Stuart elected an honorary and corresponding member.

There is at times, in the intercourse between

\* There was, in June, 1830, an "Open-air-field-and-annual-fair-preaching-Society" established in London.—EDITOR.

ladies and gentlemen in this country, something old-fashioned. Whether the reason of this be the great distance of this country from Europe, where all that belongs to this part of social intercourse has undergone considerable changes, I do not know. Certain it is that there is a difference between the Americans and also the English on the one side, and the French and Germans on the other, in respect to the feelings and views they entertain as to the fashions of the “olden time.”

In Germany and France there is invariably something quasi-ridiculous, at all events pedantic, connected with the age of wigs. “He is a wig,” says the German, to express a pedantic, stiff fellow. You remember Uhland’s song. The endeavours of the Germans to obtain liberty, their notions of a national life, their more manly and popular ideas of a modern date, unfolded themselves with greater energy after the age of wigs had passed by. It is not so with the English; their greatness flourished in the time of the wigs and hair-powder as much as it ever did afterwards or before. Their greatest lawyers—lawyers of whom the nation feels proud, expounders of the constitution,

appeared in wigs; their greatest legislators defended liberty in wigs, their greatest heroes commanded armies in wigs; their Chathams, Whitbreads, Foxes, Rodneys, Elliots, Duncans, Nelsons, spoke, fought, and died in wigs, or, at least, in powdered hair; and as to the Americans, their whole heroic age falls in the time of wigs. Their Washingtons, Adamses, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, Hancocks, Shermans, Greenes,\* conquered liberty, and established the nation's name in wigs, or hair powder. Great brains, indeed, have boldly thought, great hearts have nobly beaten, with you, too, under wigs, great heroes have fallen, with you, too, in queues and powdered hair, but they were not national men in the sense in which the above deserve this name. This explains why certain forms which have come down to our age from those times, appear in a different light to English and Americans from that in which they are viewed by other Europeans, and thus partially accounts for some of the strange incongruities, both here and in England. As you see in England a lady in the

\* Did General Greene wear a wig? His father was a blacksmith, and he followed the profession of beating.—EDITOR.

most fashionable dress, followed by a florid face, over which hangs a cloud of powder, and under which you see a dress in the oldest possible fashion, so you find here by the side of great ease of manners and of a liberty allowed to young ladies, unknown in the best society of Europe, some old fashioned custom, either in expression or manner. Newspapers redound with old-fashioned expressions of "assembled beauty," &c.

I return to my subjec'. Every female person in the United States is a lady. But a few days ago, my boy went out with a coloured servant, and as they had not returned when it began to grow dark, I felt uneasy, and went to the ferry, on which they had intended to cross the Delaware. I asked the ferryman, " Has a coloured woman with a child gone across this afternoon ?" describing both. " No coloured lady has gone to the other shore," was the answer, not with the intention to correct me, but because the words were more natural to his lips. He repeated, afterwards, " No, sir, no coloured lady, no coloured woman has gone across, within the last two hours." I'll tell you more. They had, notwithstanding what

had been said, gone across, but in another boat. My boy found a little girl on board the ferry, with whom he soon made acquaintance, and, speaking to the gentleman who was in charge of her, said, "I wish I had a sweet little sister like this little girl." "Have you no sister?" asked the gentleman. "No," said my boy, "but I have begged God to give me one." The coloured girl, mentioned above, told at home this innocent story, and added, "I did not know where I should look, when the little boy said he had begged God to give him a sister." *Voila de la delicatesse!*

These are anecdotes, and must be taken as evidence is taken in court, for what they are worth. I dislike very much picking up anecdotes and generalizing them—the common method of travellers who think themselves very sagacious. It is a poor way of observing and reasoning, and has done infinite mischief in judging of individuals and events, both in history and those of our own times, but these are anecdotes of a generic character. I know the state of things, independently of their evidence, and give them because they elucidate the fact; I do not reason from them, but add them by way of illustration.

There are strange inconsistencies in the character of every nation, and one of the strangest in the Americans is the immense freedom young ladies enjoy upon some points and their priness in others, upon which latter the English often comment, altogether forgetting how prudishly prim the ladies of England appear to foreigners from the continent. Nothing is more common here than for the young lady of the house, perhaps seventeen years old, to give invitations to a ball in her own name to single gentlemen as well as others, though there may not be the slightest reason for the mother or father not issuing them in their name. I fancied I had made a great impression upon some unknown beauty when I received my first invitation from young Miss So and So. "I," were my thoughts, "invited by Miss X. Y. Z.?" "She writing my name?" It was not long, however, before I discovered my mistake. The mother is put quite in the back ground. This is village-like, and is rapidly growing out of fashion in the best educated families. As soon as the lady is married, she drops like a *Cactus grandiflorus* after twenty-four hours' blowing; she recedes

to give the ground to other young ladies yet unmarried. This is *mauvais ton*, no one denies, and you see less of it in New York than in Philadelphia, in Philadelphia less than in Boston. However, it is *pire ton* still in Italy, where the girl is shut up in a convent till she marries, and when she *is* married, tries to regain in all possible ways all she has lost in her early youth. Yet the true value and refinement of society depends upon the married women. Young damsels, occupied but with themselves, may be found any where. People perceive this more and more, and I have myself observed a change toward the better since I have resided in this country.

An American girl is never embarrassed; a child of ten years—and I would hardly except a single class of the inhabitants—receives you with a frankness and good breeding which is astonishing, and I can assure you not unpleasing. So perfectly self-possessed are they, that blushing is decidedly of less frequent occurrence here than with you in Germany.

My attention was lately drawn to a young friend of mine, a most amiable girl, who blushed; and I then thought how rarely I had

seen it here. I could remember but very few girls of a large acquaintance that will now and then be seen blushing, I mean when nothing but false *embarras* is the cause. This pleasing ease and sensible frankness sometimes degenerate, as you may suppose, into unbecoming and ungraceful forwardness, as German mildness and bashfulness\* degenerates sometimes into shy *gaucherie*.

American ladies are possessed of much natural brightness, and converse very freely, infinitely more so than gentlemen. Altogether, boys and girls are earlier developed here than in Europe, partly perhaps owing to the climate, partly because they are allowed more freedom, — left more to themselves. A young man of twenty has a much more advanced position in life here than in England, and in England more so than on the continent. The Germans, it is my opinion, hold back a young man by far too much; Americans, I am equally convinced, allow their young people to leap beyond their age — each system has its inconveniences.

\* The Spanish ladies, who neither admire English gravity nor French moveability, say, "*Han de ser muy dulces las Alemanas.*" — EDITOR.

Good education among ladies is general. Not a few are truly superior in this respect. I think there must be numbers who are bright and fluent letter-writers, to judge from my own correspondence. I know several ladies whose attainments and natural powers would be a great ornament to society any where, but one of them I count among the most superior minds with whom it has ever been my good fortune to become acquainted. Yet that has nothing to do with America ; such brilliant endowments are but contingencies in a nation, not the fruit of general national civilization. Would she but give proofs of her flashing mind, unfettered thought, and independent judgment, to more than her personal acquaintance! Her mind has indeed a powerful grasp. Were it not for the horror I feel at communicating letters, I would send you some of her's, and I would ask you whether they do not equal any you have ever read which have been preserved as the stars of memoirs.

You wish the ladies described, too? I know that we wish as much to become acquainted with the appearance of the female sex of a country as with their character. But this is no easier task

than to give, in a few lines, a description of the scenery of a country ; it is, in fact, much more difficult. Yet I will try it; only remember that descriptions of this kind are to be taken as general assertions, admitting of innumerable exceptions. To begin then.—

It must be allowed, in the first place, that American women have generally a fine, and—more frequently than the women of other countries—a genteel, rarely an imposing appearance. Their shoulders are generally not wide enough, and too sloping; their busts not sufficiently developed, but the waist is small and round, and the lower parts of the body finely formed; their feet are not peculiarly good—they are better than German feet indeed, and better than English. Yet so capricious are exceptions! The smallest pair of correctly shaped feet, so small as would be justly criticised if an artist were to give them to a work of his imagination, and the neatest pair of ankles, “turned by Cupid,” with corresponding hands and wrists, that I ever beheld, I saw on this side of the Atlantic — a pair of feet which might induce an admirer of the beautiful to sing but of them, as Conti sung only of the hands of his

mistress.\* I will give you a letter of introduction to these lovely feet and hands and arms, if you come to this country. In the mean time I send you a glove of their mistress, which she once gave me with much grace: honour it duly, and feel unbounded obligation for my parting with the memento.

Their walk is much better than the ungraceful dipping and pitching of the English ladies, which looks rather like an unsuccessful attempt at a gallop than a walk.† However, for feet and walk you must go to Andalusia; what is there equal to *la gracia andaluz*?

“ Their very walk would make your bosom swell:  
I can’t describe it, though so much it strike,  
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.—  
An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
New-broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle—  
No—none of these will do.”—

\* Giusto di’ Conti, in the 15th century, was an imitator of Petrarch. The constant subject of his sonnets was the hand of his mistress; hence the whole collection is called *La Bella Mano*.—EDITOR.

† Of the English walk may be said what Byron says of the Andalusian step: “ I can’t describe it, though so much it strike.” The lady, whoever she be, that first kept pace with her long-striding husband, ought to be immortalized as the opposite deity to Aglaja or Euphrosyne.—EDITOR.

Their arms—where are fine arms any longer to be found if not by way of exception? Sleeves have spoiled them. Their colour—I do not now speak specially of the arms—is generally delicate, which contributes to give, even to the lowest classes, an air of gentility. An English face here is known directly by its florid colour; and it is sometimes very agreeable to meet with a rosy cheek lately arrived. Their eyes are not as large as the Spanish, nor *ojos adormidillos*,\* yet they are fine, well cut, and well set, and of much mental expression. They look bright, and are generally of a fine dark brown colour. The general expression of the face is again that of handsomeness and delicacy rather than of great and striking beauty.

From all this you will see that American ladies look better in the street than in the ball-room, yet I can assure you you find there also many charming faces. It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those im-

\* The Spanish name for sleepy, languishing eyes.—EDITOR.

posing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Mad. Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldson rave \* — beauties which “try man’s soul,” which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can — taken all in all — compete for great beauty with the En-

\* We know that the author visited Gensano near Rome at the time of the *infiorata*, in company with Mr. Thorwaldson, the greatest sculptor of the age. The *infiorata* (the feast of the blossom, literally the *in-blossomed* feast,) is the name of a festival, when the streets of that beautifully situated town are covered with tasteful designs made of flowers, of which, mostly, the small coloured leaves only are taken. By means of these flowers it becomes possible to lay out any design and show great skill. The streets thus covered with the richest tapestry offer one of the most charming sights imaginable. To this feast people of all the surrounding places resort, and it is here where the beautiful peasant girls with corals in the hair are seen. Mr. Thorwaldson was quite excited by the great mass of matchless beauty collected there, when the author was with him.—EDITOR.

glish, as there is no nation where so many pretty and delicate faces are seen as in the United States. Heavens ! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the higher circles !

Amongst other nations, there are also beauties, for example, the Roman ladies, the peasant women around Gensano, whom I just mentioned, and the Tyrolese men ; but I call the whole English nation a handsome one. The very first time I took a walk in London I was struck with the beautiful children even in that confined city ; a handsome English boy of ten years is one of the flowers of creation. Go even to the London 'Change ; among the merchants, who, with other nations, surely do not exhibit many specimens of beauty, you find there tall, well-shaped, fine-looking men, whom Frederic I. would have put directly into a uniform of his grenadiers. Call me a heretic, as the distinguished —— did in the Roman *osteria*, I cannot help it ; English beauty outstrips all the rest, and what seems peculiar to that nation, is, that the higher the class in England the greater the beauty, whilst the aristocracy of other European nations is far

from forming the handsomest part of the inhabitants.

Brightness of mind, as I said before, is a general attribute of the American lady. They seize with ease the salient points of things. Let me, instead of a long description, give you an instance. In a conversation between a lady and myself, *tableaux vivans* happened to be mentioned ; and when it was found that I was acquainted with the mechanical details of these charming entertainments, she immediately resolved to have some represented in her house, and entered into their whole character with an ease, which surprised me, as she had never seen any before. The æsthetic part as well as the mechanical was soon perfectly understood. I will not detain you by relating all the trouble we had to find the proper gauze for the frame, and my delight in arranging and placing the pictures on the occasion. I will only say, that not a single one of the company showed either false primness or a coquettish desire to show herself to the greatest advantage. But one wish animated all, to make the *tableaux* as perfect as possible—and they were made perfect. I have never seen more beautiful ones,

though I have seen them on a larger scale ; the stage, curtain, light, music, the ease and grace of the performers, the subjects, the steadiness with which the ladies and gentlemen stood, the style of the whole, in short, every thing conspired to make these tableaux vivans, the first ever seen by most of them, as perfect as they could be wished. Several European gentlemen who, like myself, had often seen them, were quite astonished, and the whole performance gave me a high opinion of the tact, taste, and grace of American ladies.

I will give you the subject of some of the pictures, so that you may the better judge : Niobe, Hagar and Ishmael, Ali Pacha and Vasiliki, Cumean Sibyl, Margaret and Faust, Baptism of Malek Adhel, Amy and Janet Foster, Death of Cleopatra, Marino Faliero, a Vestal, all after engravings or pictures. I can assure you that while the first was a truly classical picture, there were others, for instance Hagar and Ishmael, or the Cumean Sibyl, which produced in me, for the first time since I had been in the United States, that peculiar feeling, which a picture of the glowing Italian school, of Raphael, Giulio

Romano, &c., never fails to pour through all our veins.

What surprised me much was the ease with which they at once understood the principles of drapery, I mean that drapery which the higher art requires, and of which our present life affords no opportunity of study. The lady, through whose zeal and taste they were got up, had chosen the music for each picture with great felicity ; and if I add, that not a single lamp-glass cracked, or any lady smiled or moved, or any accident or mistake, however trifling, occurred during the whole performance, you may imagine that I had, of the whole, a fine evening, the preparations for which, by the by, in the three rehearsals were not less agreeable. Were what I write calculated to meet the eyes of the fair performers over whom I ruled for a time with almost as much power as a *directeur général des théâtres*, I should express my acknowledgments to them most dutifully.

As to music, there is much instruction in it here,      \*      \*      \*      English, perhaps  
\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Mozart not fashionable ; “ can Raphael be

fashionable, or the contrary?" I said,

\* \* \* \* \* *pour briller* \*

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yet one of the noblest voices and, perhaps, the best non-professional performer on the harp, I ever heard, are in this country.\*

Before I close my chapter on American beauty—a chapter which, I dare say, has proved very unsatisfactory to you, although I gave you fair warning that it is very difficult for a conscientious writer to generalize such things—I must mention the fact, that American women make most exemplary wives and mothers, and strange, be a girl ever so coquettish — yea, even a positive flirt, who, in Europe, would unavoidably make her future husband unhappy as soon as she were married, here she becomes the domestic and retired wife. That unhappy marriages seem to be comparatively rare in America may be partly owing to the great patience of an American husband, which again is referrible to the

The blank lines in the above indicate passages, which, by some accident, were rendered perfectly illegible in the MS.—EDITOR.

greater want of excitability, but it is undoubtedly owing also, and probably in a greater degree, to the temper of the women.

The American women are kind and very charitable; I think they are peculiarly so. Married ladies do not only give, if a case of misfortune happens to present itself, but they undergo considerable personal trouble in compliance with their charitable disposition. And again, I have known here several ladies of the most worldly appearance, living, apparently, but to gain admiration, who, nevertheless, would visit the poor and sick in their humblest dwellings.

I have mentioned above the beautiful Albanian. You know who she was? *was*, because, by this time, alas! that matchless beauty must have begun already to become a prey to all-corroding time. I had the enviable fortune to live with the great historian, Mr. Niebuhr, then minister in Rome, and resided with him also for some time in Gensano, in a palace belonging to Cardinal Consalvi.

One afternoon, it was the 3d of October, I took a walk in the vineyards around that lovely place, and met a peasant driving home his ass

laden with grapes. After a short conversation, I expressed a wish to buy some, when the peasant asked me to go along with him, as he had much better grapes at home. I, who like to mingle with the people, and am always desirous to observe life as closely as possible, accepted the invitation with great pleasure. When we arrived, the hospitable peasant called his daughter to bring some wine, bread, and grapes, and who should come in! — “the beautiful Albanian!”

This girl, the daughter of Antonio Caldone, was, as to her head, face, neck, and bust, of such perfect beauty that her reputation had rapidly spread far and wide, and the father justly apprehended evil consequence from the many visits which were paid by artists and others. He, therefore, cut the matter short, and allowed nobody to paint her or to pay any visits to the house for the purpose of seeing his daughter. Mr. Thorwaldson alone obtained permission, after this injunction, to take a bust of the wonderful maid. He himself showed it to me one day in his *atelier*, and said, pointing at it with that beaming joy which a great artist feels when the pleasure at meeting with

perfection thrills through his heart, “ There !—no art has ever produced a purer beauty.”

Her aquiline nose was of the finest make, and clearly defined ; her eyes were large, dark, glowing, and overshadowed by long silken eyelashes, full of a playful expression, yet tempered by the gravity of perfection—eyes which made me think, the moment I beheld them, such were the eyes of a loving goddess, such the voluptuous expression of the Paphian maid ! Her eyebrows were distinct and dark, yet so fine and gracefully arched, that they appeared as if painted by the steadiest hand with the most delicate brush. Her forehead was a vault of perfect dimensions and delineation, and the tense, clear, youthful skin showed the unbroken circles which mark serenity and nobleness of mind. Neither care, nor vulgarity, nor littleness were stamped there. Her full, black, and moist hair had that lustre of youth, which renders still deeper its darkness and richness, and grew down from one small and transparent ear to the other, in a line as well marked as if drawn by a skilful draftsman, and not too deep in the neck, where close above it the rich, Grecian *nest* of her abundant hair,

pierced with the coral arrow, permitted the matchless beauty of her head to appear, set on the neck in the most perfect angle. The line of her chin was as graceful and as distinctly drawn as that of her forehead, while the vividly coloured, full, and well-cut lips of a mouth not too small, gave her a slightly *earthly* look, that the nobleness of her forehead might not be too grand for a youthful female beauty. Her small and square teeth were neatly set, showing, when she smiled, two narrow white stripes, lining the deep carmine of her lips, which, arched like Cupid's bow, full, swelling with health, and yet delicate, had that firmness mixed with tender softness, which is unlike any thing else in nature. Her skin, though darkened by a southern sun, was clear and of the finest texture, and showed the rosy colour of her cheek, like the first glow in the east under her large eyes, dark as night. The lines of her shoulders sloped off in the most correct angle to the outer points; and with these, round as if turned of ivory, and with a bust and neck betraying youthful health, and striving, in budding fulness, towards the time when her beauty would be in its noon — the

appearance was that of graceful vigour in its development. There was in all her head, and face, and bust, a grace, a grandeur, a voluptuous richness, and a pride of purity, such as I never had believed could exist but in imagination. Her figure was not as that grand tournure, so common in this part of Italy, even among the lowest, would have induced the beholder to expect with such a head and such a bust; nature had exhausted herself; she had concentrated all her plastic power to produce this unrivalled, perhaps never to be equalled, head. Such beauty appearing on earth, reveals to man the secrets of nature, and shows him of what perfection she contains the germs. I am thankful for having been permitted to meet her even once.

As a woman whom we have ever seen adorned with great charms will have attraction for us, even at periods less favourable to her beauty, or as an individual whom we have once known to perform an act revealing great nobleness of soul, will always appear to us in a superior light, though we may see him in the commonest affairs, so it is well if we meet in life with a being, whom we can call noble, pure, and

elevated throughout, since, after having seen one instance of great elevation of soul, we will ever find the incipient stages of it in many individuals around us; and so it is, in like manner, well for us to meet with one example of beauty *made perfect*, which may serve to show us what human beauty can be, and thus elevate in our eye every beautiful trait or limb we may afterwards see more nearly to that standard which gives delight to the soul. Why is a painter more easily charmed than other people with some single tree, a peculiar bend of a rivulet, or a small rock?—Because he perceives a beauty in all of them, from having often observed such objects in their state of perfection. Every true specimen of perfection, or even excellence, of whatever kind it may be, from the moral down to the physical, elevates every instance of an inferior degree of excellence that we meet with, and sheds over it a portion of its own perfection.

Perusing my letter once more, before I send it to you, I was reminded by the passage which speaks of the love of a German toward his horse, and shows his *bonhommie*, of another and better instance of this trait in Germans, with

which you would wish, perhaps, to become acquainted, as it pleased me when I found it. You probably know that Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, Count St. Leu, published, in 1830, a French translation of an Italian manuscript, written by James Bonaparte in the year 1527, on the pillage of Rome by Bourbon. Count Survilliers, Joseph Bonaparte, had the kindness to send me a copy of this work, interesting in more than one respect. James Bonaparte was an eye-witness of the sad event which he describes. What a butchering there has been in this world ! How many thousand years has it been full of Timours, small and great ! I do not speak of regular battles, but of actual butchering. The history of India before the British occupation alone might make a man doubt whether he would not be willing to change his human skin for some other fur. And then, when the slaughter ceases, what ruling ! Oh Pomareh ! Oh Pomareh ! \*

\* We must explain this exclamation. Often, when the author heard of bad governments, he would exclaim, oh Pomareh ! On repeated inquiry what he meant by it, he one day showed us, without saying a word, a passage in Kotzebue's Second Voyage round the World, which runs thus :— " Po-

But to my passage in James Bonaparte's work.—Page 66, it is said that “the Spaniards respected the sacred places and did not touch the relics, but they surpassed the Germans in cruelty and perfidy. When once the first heat had abated, the latter did no longer maltreat their prisoners. They were content with the sum of money which had been voluntarily offered and paid them; a great number of them even showed much regard for the young and handsome ladies, and treated them with mildness and humanity, and, to protect them against all dangers, carried them to secure places. Several prisoners, taking advantage of the good disposition of these soldiers, offered immediately very moderate ransoms. Their propositions were willingly accepted. This moderation on the side of the German soldiers cannot be attributed to the rich booty they had to divide among themselves, nor to the poverty in which they live in Germany, and which

mareh, late King of Otaheite, a wise and mild ruler, used, nevertheless, now and then to drink, and when he felt the effects of this evil habit, he would exclaim and apostrophize himself, ‘Oh King, to-day thy fat hogs might rule better than thyself !’”—**EDITOR.**

might be supposed to have given to the very small sums which were offered great value in their eyes ; it originated from a greater humanity and fairness in them. The Spaniards, on the contrary, quite as poor, and more so perhaps, showed, neither in the first moment of victory nor later, so much moderation, &c.

Their cruelties are described as horrid. Now consider that the Germans were chiefly Protestants, and the Spaniards of that time bigoted Catholics, and I think, a testimony from so remote times, by an Italian who had himself suffered much by the pillage and many enormities committed during the same, will be quite acceptable. The southern nations of Europe have always been more cruel than those of the north. The English peasants under Wat Tyler killed indeed, but they did not torment in so refined a way as the French “Jacquerie” in rebellion, and the French nobility in their turn. What a poisoning and stabbing there has been in Italian and French history ! how little, in comparison, in England or Germany ! It is a sad truth, that the French, to this day, surpass the other civilized nations in atrocity. If you pay attention to the different

species of crimes against persons, committed in Germany, England,\* the United States, and France, you will find that the enormity and refinement of crime are by far the greatest in the latter country. The *Gazette des Tribunaux* contains the awful proofs of what I say. There are more murders committed, attended by great cruelty, or requiring unnatural hard-heartedness, such as parricides, &c., in France than in either of the four great leading nations. I do not assert this as mere opinion ; I have paid attention to the subject for several years.

And now, when I had at last intended to close my epistle — as long as an American governor's message — a negro boy under my window calls a lad of the same race, by way of reproach, "nigger." This is quite frequent, yet very peculiar. So much does the oppressed or lower class always strive to imitate the superior, that even the name which is bestowed by the latter upon the former, by way of contempt, is adopted and used by them. You must not take the present instance as of a

\* Ireland is not included. Murders, in that country, are frequently attended by great ferocity.—EDITOR.

similar character with the *Gueux* or *Protestants*, or the song of *Yankee Doodle*, which were adopted in spite, though used originally by way of ridicule, or reproach; but rather as an instance of the same kind as the Spanish *cafre*, a word of contempt, now used by the Spaniards, but originally bestowed upon them by the Arabs, with whom it signified first an infidel, and then a rogue or villain. When I first saw the Greeks, a short time after they had driven the Turks from the Morea, they endeavoured at nothing with so much zeal as to imitate their former and hated masters in all their customs, and in dress, &c. Our German proverb, "One kettle calls the other black face," might, therefore, be better rendered now by "One negro calls the other nigger"—a proverb, homely as it is, for the application of which we do, nevertheless, find opportunities every day, in politics, sectarian controversies, scientific disputes, &c.

## LETTER V.

A Spanish Merchant—Affecting story of a Spanish Girl—Death at Sea—Burial in the Deep, or *post mortem* Preservation in Spirits—Reflections—Termination of Nelson's Career.

THE morning after I arrived in New York, I went to see a friend of mine—a gentleman, such as you may meet in this life, to whom, nevertheless, were he to be depicted in a work of fiction, the possibility of existence would be denied. He is a Spaniard, yet he knows and speaks fluently five languages, among which is the German, though he never was in any other country than Spain, the Spanish West Indies, and but lately has come to the United States. He is a merchant, yet makes sweet verses in French and Spanish. He is an Andalusian, and yet delights in American beauty. He is of true *sangre azul*,\* and yet of great ease in his manners,

\* To be of *sangre azul*, blue blood, means, in Spanish, of pure Christian origin, perhaps on account of the whiter skin

and enters with facility into the views and ways of other nations. Such is the salt-cellar\* of my soul, of whom I might mention yet a whole list of deviations from the rule. But we do not only meet in reality with persons who would be considered in plain prose the creations of the poet; I could tell you of many events and occurrences which have happened, as I myself know, in real life, and yet would not be tolerated in a novel, merely on account of their essential improbability, or impossibility, perhaps, as the critic would have it. Like Italian mountains at a distance, so dark and yet so

of the Gothic race, and the veins appearing blue through it, compared to the darker skin of the Moors; or, and we think more probably, from the fact that blue, being the colour of the sky, assumes with several nations the meaning of purity. Altogether, the word blue has obtained a very peculiar signification with many modern nations.—EDITOR.

\* *Sal* and *salero* (salt and salt-cellar) are very common expressions used in Andalusia with reference to beauty and endearment, though the author deviates somewhat from the Spanish use, which generally employs these strange expressions as terms of endearment between the two sexes. *Salero del alma*, salt-cellar of my soul, *tiene mucha sal*, she has much salt, *es muy salada*, she is very salt, *salado y valenton del alma*, salt one and hero of my soul, are frequently used.—EDITOR

purely blue, that, were a landscape-painter to copy them, they might be considered as belonging to the scenery of a land of visions.

I found my friend pensive and sad—a humour in which he does not often indulge; but when he informed me of the reason of his melancholy, I could not but agree with him that he had good cause for it.

A friend of his had lately arrived from the West Indies with his sister, a lovely girl, but whose beauty was enhanced by that most melancholy charm, which told that Death had entered in his book of record, opposite her name, the fearful word—Consumption. The transparent whiteness of her spotless teeth, such as we observe only in those, whose veins have drunk of the poison of that disease, the deep crimson of her lips, the brilliant lustre of her eyes, that fearful ornament peculiar to the victims of this fever, which paints with delicate vermillion the mocking flush, as if in scorn of health; the pallid cheek, fanned and softened by the wings of inexorable Death, who hovers around and seems to shower all bloom and charm upon his youthful sacrifices, as if to say to those who remain, “Behold, such their

beauty, and such my power to destroy!"—ah, every thing about this Spanish girl sufficiently proved that there was no hope in human skill, and that her noble figure, of which nature might have been proud, and her dark and luxuriant tresses,—that all these features, beaming with kindness and intense attachment to her afflicted brother, the last and only kinsman left her, and that her heart, which never yet had beaten but in purest innocence, would soon be laid into the narrow shrine, and become a prey to the loathsome servants of Death.

I saw this lonely and afflicted couple, and never had I beheld a more affecting picture of silent grief and of despairing love; she had his hand in hers, her eyes fixed upon his, as if desirous of speaking of their approaching separation, but fearful to pierce his heart by the very comfort she wished to give him; he struggling within himself to belie his fears and griefs, and to make his countenance speak of hopes his heavy heart knew not. And all this in a distant country, far from their friends, their sky, and native tongue! A lady, whom I would call the kindest woman I know, did I not know the one whose kindness is entwined with

my life, had visited her, indeed, as often as her sufferings would permit her to see any one besides her brother. It is true, that the looks of that kind being must soon have told the sufferer that joy and grief quicken the steps of friendship ; yet this friend had not been a companion of her youth ; she was not a friend of her friends ; her appearance was not a record which told of a thousand pleasures enjoyed together, a thousand griefs suffered in faithful companionship. That balm of friendship is but slowly collected by single drops on a long journey through life.

The physicians had advised the patient to proceed forthwith to Havre. She was to go with her brother the next morning, and my friend had had the painful foresight to ask the latter whether he was prepared to lose his sister on the passage. "I fear," said he, with moistened eyes, "she will never see the shores of France." "Then," continued my friend, "you are to consider which you prefer in case of death, to hand her over to the deep, or to have her buried on shore." "I tremble at the idea of parting with her on sea." "If this be the case, my friend, I shall be obliged to send

a cask of spirits on board." "Do so, do so," he sobbed, overwhelmed at all the horror of his thoughts.—I wish Sterne had described it to you.

Now, there is something heart-rending in the idea of sailing on the lonely track of the wide ocean, in that awful silence—vastness above you and vastness beneath—with the body, yet nothing but the body of a being you love, and love beyond every other human one, close by you. Even the idea of an easy posture in the coffin has something soothing compared to this. The human mind abhors being obliged to connect the idea of the narrow, the ugly, and especially of that which, in any other case, would cause the opposite to grief, with the beloved who have departed from this world. Things of this kind depend, I know well, upon feeling alone. To some, the idea of seeing the shrouded body of a once dear companion in life descend into the watery grave, there to be devoured by the ill-shaped inhabitants of the deep, is horrid.

I knew a lady, who told me once the story of her grief, when she lost her husband on a passage from Brazil to the United States, a

few days after they had set sail, and could not persuade herself to part with his body, but rather chose to keep it near her for more than two months, in the way that bodies are preserved on sea. When I asked, “and you did not prefer to let the ocean receive it ?” she uttered, with a shuddering and trembling voice, pressing her hands against her face: “Ah ! and fishes gnaw upon !”\*

My feeling on this point is different. The burial service on the sea—a floating community, under the vastest dome of heaven’s canopy, surrounded by the unbounded ocean which is to receive the remains of a departed friend, and soon may ingulph those who are paying him the last tribute of earthly regard, should He that bade him die call up the tempest—this faithful picture of our whole course through life has in it for me something sublime. We love, indeed, to know the spot where our friends rest from the toils of life, and it is soothing to go unseen to their graves,

\* Shakspeare will put his words into our mouths in moments of the greatest joy and deepest grief; he penetrates so intimately our souls, that he becomes our spokesman, and we quote him unconsciously.—EDITOR.

to plant a flower on the turf beneath which they slumber ; but if this can only be obtained by first placing the body in a liquid which reminds you of a thousand prosaic and contrasting things, I would much prefer the burial on the waves, and let the heaving billows close for ever over him from whom the breath of life has fled. There is something elevating to me in the contemplation, that thus matter returns to matter in this wide element ; that death has given sustenance to life according to the eternal laws which regulate the ever-changing substance, as its Maker willed them from the commencement of all things. Though the same takes place with those who sleep in the bosom of the earth, I think that that great truth presents itself with more grandeur to our mind, when we contemplate this dissolution in the vast unbroken element which rolls from pole to pole, and is pregnant with a thousand germs of life in every drop.

I never can forget what I felt when I came to the end of Southey's Life of Nelson, where the hero terminates his career in a barrel of rum.

## LETTER VI.

Old Letters—Their Charm—My Old Journal—A Coincidence—My Adventures in the Battle of Waterloo—Strange Contrasts—Napoleon's Return from Elba—My Enlistment as a Volunteer—March from Berlin—Prince Blucher—Our First Parade—Presentiments—Battle of Ligny—My Wound—Reception of the Wounded at Namur and Liege—Julie—Love.

FEW things in life, it seems to me, can dispose us to feel more sad than the looking over of old letters, and yet it has all the interest of a sad story, all the painful charm of tragic events related in a vivid style. How, in such moments, our life passes before our inward eye ! Here some lines of a hand that now is cold and stiff ; there the characters you once so dearly loved to contemplate, but no longer directed to you ; the date of some letters, the buoyant style, and jokes, and puns of others ; the blots of burning tears in one ; the yellow

paper, cut and smoked by the precautions of quarantine ; the large capitals of a childish correspondent ; the brief but happy official information that your petition at length has been granted ; a coloured and embossed note, whose three or four lines remind you of a world of enjoyment ; a tattered letter crossed and crammed ; a note written by a fair hand, and which once accompanied some choice wine, when you were sick in a foreign country ; a letter from your old teacher with Greek and Latin quotations ; the happy writing of your parents, traced by a hand trembling with joy, after they had learned that a great battle had been fought and you were still alive ; the unsolicited praise of your own work by a man of distinguished authority, who thus begins his correspondence ; the malevolent misrepresentation of your best intentions ; the joyous information that your election is going on swimmingly—represented in such documents lies the history of your life around you—ruins and ashes, which it requires courage to contemplate, a strong resolution to view without a bleeding heart ; while pain retains its sting, joy almost turns to grief, since ruthless time

has written under most of these messengers of pleasure—"past and gone."

And if our correspondence of elapsed years can thus affect us, with what feelings do we not lay down an old journal of our's, not a book of lying sentiments, but a brief and true record of names, dates, events, and facts? Why can I hardly ever take up my journal of Rome without sadness? Why are the faint characters I wrote in Greece with wine and gunpowder so sadly dear to me? Why can I not look at the tattered leaves, which recall to my mind Waterloo's field, without feeling something heavy here at my left side? Because human life is in such moments spread out before us with all its withered blossoms, over which Time has trod with his hasty and destroying strides.—Have you ever looked again at one of your earliest copy-books? I have a book containing the compositions, which I had to write in the course of my religious instruction preceding confirmation,\*—but it is useless to dwell upon these things.

\* The German Protestants, who consider confirmation as the voluntary repetition of the vow which others made for the infant at the font of baptism, allow no person to be con-

I was led to this introduction to my epistle, from my being reminded in New York, in the course of my letters to you, that seven years ago I arrived there on the same day, and put my foot on land in the same hour, that in 1815 a ball prostrated me. The coincidence made me at the time reflective ; I sought the field, and at Wiehawk, on a point perpendicularly above the Hudson, from which I had a view over the whole city and the bay, the river and the country, I sat down and mused.

Thus reminded of Waterloo, I remembered that some time ago you asked me to give you a sketch of my adventures in that battle ; I determined to comply with your wish, and searched among my papers for a copy, which my mother gave me once of my own letter, the first I was able to write after the eventful days of battle. I did not succeed in finding what I looked for, but will, nevertheless, give you a sketch of what you desire. Do not ex-

firmed without previous and regular instruction in our religion and a public examination, which proves the fitness of being admitted to confirmation. Lutherans and Calvinists do this alike, and government exacts this instruction.—  
EDITOR.

pect a kind of memoirs ; I played too humble a part in the chorusses of that great drama, though a French sergeant has, I see, published his memoirs. Nor must you even expect a monography. It will be but a very brief sketch, of some little interest perhaps, inasmuch as we love to observe how a great and memorable era has affected a single individual ; of what particular elements that which we know only as a great historical phenomenon was made up ; and inasmuch as *that* may interest, which we know to be true, when, as a fictitious composition, it would be void and wanting of all salient points. I wish some Egyptian had noted every evening during one whole year, on his imperishable papyrus, every thing he had done during the day. It would be a document of no mean value now, had his occupation been but the superintending of some men engaged in building a pyramid or digging a canal.

But, if I thus tell you a plain, true story, you must not be surprised to find strange contrasts, the most common thing ludicrously placed by the side of the noblest or gravest. Life, you know well, does not select and

classify, does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts, and is much like the index of an encyclopedia, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*, where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*, and *Shakers* is the neighbouring article to *Shakspeare*. It places, like the old architects, a grinning monkey in the capital of a column, which supports the canopy of an altar, or covers the walls of the room where Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence, with scenes of Don Quixote's life.\* Perhaps the very spot, on which he fastened his eye when meditating how he should word that great instrument, now represents Sancho tossed like a fox. We meet with contrasts every where. To the version of the Bible used by the freest nation of Europe, continues

\* Room No. 2, in the Indian Queen in Philadelphia, in which Jefferson dwelt during the memorable Congress, is universally believed to be the room where he drew up the Declaration of Independence, and is shown as such to visitors; yet Mr. Jefferson himself, in a letter to Dr. Mease of Philadelphia, states, that he wrote that instrument in the second story of the house at the south-west corner of Market and Seventh Streets. He then boarded there. It was at that time a two or three story building, but it is now four stories high.—EDITOR.

to be prefixed an address to one of England's most obnoxious kings, drawn up in terms of offensive flattery ; whilst the women of the very sect, which takes its name from its meekness, are sufficiently bold to speak in their public meetings. Does not the gay riband of fashion almost touch the gravestone which looks from the churchyard into Broadway ? Captain Lyon found the nest of a snow-bunting built on the breast of a dead infant,\* and Domitian was brother to Titus and a son of Vespasian, and Charles the Fifth's own sister professed Protestantism.

“ Boys, clean your rifles,” said my old and venerable father, entering my room, where I was just studying Loder's Anatomical Tables ; “ he is loose again.” — “ Napoleon ? ” — “ He has returned from Elba.”

My heart beat high ; it was glorious news for a boy of sixteen, who had often heard with silent envy the account of the campaigns of 1813-14 from the lips of his two brothers, both of whom had marched in 1813, in common with most young men of good families, as

\* In his Narrative of an Attempt to reach Repulse Bay.—  
EDITOR.

volunteer riflemen, and returned as wounded officers.

The one, cured of his wounds, rejoined his regiment; another of my brothers and myself followed the call of government to enter the army as volunteers, though our age would have exempted us from all obligation. Which regiment should we choose? Of course one which was garrisoned near the enemy's frontier, so that we were sure not to have a peaceable campaign in a distant reserve.

There was a regiment among the troops near the frontiers of France which enjoyed a peculiarly high and just reputation; its name was Colberg, bestowed upon the brave band in honour of its valiant defence of the fortress of Colberg, in the year 1806—the only Prussian fortified place at that wretched time which did not surrender to the French. It was composed of brave and sturdy Pomeranians, a short, broad-shouldered, healthy race. In more than twenty "ranged" engagements during the campaign of 1813-14, had they shown themselves worthy of their honourable name.

My brother and myself selected this regiment. When the day appointed for the enlist-

ment of the volunteers arrived, we went to my father and said, "Well then, we go; is it with your consent?" "Go to your mother," he replied. We went to her; our hearts were big; she had suffered so much during the first campaign. With a half-choked voice, I said, "Mother, we go to be enrolled, shall we?" She fell into our arms, that noble woman, worthy of the best times of Rome, and sobbed aloud. "Go," was all her bleeding heart allowed her to utter; and, had she been the mother of twenty sons, she would have sent them all.

A table was placed in the centre of a square in the city of Berlin, at which several officers were enlisting those who offered themselves. We had to wait from ten to one o'clock before we could get a chance to have our names taken down, the throng was so great.

In the beginning of the month of May, we were marched from Berlin to our regiments. My mother, my sisters, and brothers, were calm when we took leave; tears would burst out of their burning eyes, which had wept the live-long night; but they did all they could not to make the parting too painful to us. My father

accompanied us to the place of rendezvous. When the bugle called us to the lines, we looked for him, to take the last leave ; he had stolen away. A great many people accompanied us out of the city ; the beautiful Brandenburg gate was soon behind us ; we began to sing. I looked but forward, happy that it was yet my lot to carry arms in defence of my country.

On the 16th we passed the Rhine. With all the feelings of veneration with which a German of the north will ever regard that noble and classical river, when he sees it for the first time, was mixed in our breasts a glowing of patriotism such as you may expect to find only in one whose morning of life had fallen in that exciting time. On the 25th of May we passed in review before Prince Blücher, in Namur. On the 26th we marched to a village called Voistin, and were incorporated with our regiment. Its colonel received us with a calmness which almost bordered on coldness ; he was always so. In the most trying moments, or when the cry of victory was raised after a long and doubtful struggle, his face betrayed no emotion. Our men called him Old Iron, yet they loved him for his justice and bravery, and his love of his

men. Every man of the army or navy will understand me.

On the second of June we had our first parade with the regiment, and the colonel declared that we had the bearing of old soldiers ; he was satisfied with us.\* We longed to be tried. I saw on that day, for the first time, the woman who was sergeant in our regiment, and distinguished herself so much that she could boast of three orders on her gown, when, after the peace, she was married, in Berlin, to another sergeant. In a second regiment of our brigade was another girl serving as a soldier ; but she was very different from our sergeant ; her sex was discovered by mere accident ; she had marched instead of her brother, that he might support their aged parents. You probably recollect Pochasca, and the girl who followed her lover to the army, fought by his side, was known to nobody but him, was wounded and discovered herself only just before she breathed her last in the Berlin hospital,—to the Princess William.

\* The infantry volunteers, who were all riflemen, formed separate companies, called detachments, one of which was added to each battalion or regiment, according to the number who had enrolled for a certain regiment.—EDITOR.

We marched to Longueville, seven leagues from Brussels. On the 9th we received lead to cast our balls, the rifles being of different calibre, as each volunteer had equipped himself. It is one of the most peculiar situations a man of reflecting mind can be in, when he casts his balls for battles near at hand.

In the evening I was lying, with two comrades, one of whom was a Jew, in a hay-loft; the crazy roof allowed us to see the brilliant stars. We spoke of home. "My father," said the one, "told me he was sure he would not see me again, though he never attempted to keep me back," and, added he, "I feel as if I should fall." A ball entered his forehead in the first battle, and killed him on the spot. The second, the Jew, said, "Nobody has told me of my death, yet I believe I shall remain on the field." He fell at my side, in the battle of Ligny, before he had fired a shot—a ball cutting his throat. "And I," said I, "shall be brushed, but, I think, shall return home, though with a scratched skin." Thus, strangely every prophecy of that night was fulfilled.

On the morning of the 15th the general was beaten; hostilities had begun on the 14th. We

marched the whole day and the whole night. In the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny; we halted. Before us was a rising ground, on which we saw innumerable troops ascending the plain with flying colours and music playing. It was a sight a soldier loves to look at. I cannot say, with Napoleon, that the earth seemed to be proud to carry so many brave men, but we were proud to belong to these brave and calm masses. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Some soldiers who carried cards in their knapsacks threw them away, believing that they bring bad luck. I had never played at cards and carried none, but this poor instance of timid superstition disgusted me so, that I purposely picked up a pack and put it in my knapsack. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads, who were impatient for battle, and made a thousand questions in their excited state to the old, well-seasoned sergeant-major, who had been given to us from the regiment. His imperturbable calmness, which neither betrayed fear nor excited courage, but took the battle like a drilling, amused us much.

We now marched again, up the sloping plain, and, by one o'clock in the afternoon, arrived on the battle-ground. Our destiny was first a trying reserve ; the enemy's brass played hard upon us ; shell shots fell around us, and took several men out of our column. We were commanded to lie down ; I piqued myself on not making any motion when balls or shells were flying over us. Behind us stood some cavalry ; one of their officers had been a near neighbour to us in Berlin. He rode up to me, and asked me to write home should he fall, he would do as much for me should I be shot down. He soon after fell.

We longed most heartily to be led into the fire, when our officer, a well-tried soldier, for we had not yet exercised our right of electing our own officers, as none of us had sufficient experience, spoke these few words :—“ My friends, it is easier to fight than to stand inactive exposed to fire ; you are tried at once by the severest test, show then that you can be calm as the oldest soldiers. My honour depends upon your conduct. Look at me, and I promise you, you shall not find yourselves mistaken.”

At length, at about two o'clock, an aide of the general of our brigade galloped up to our column, and said to the colonel:—"Your column must throw the enemy out of the left wing of the village." Presently the colonel rode up to us and said, "Riflemen, you are young, I am afraid too ardent; calmness makes the soldier, hold yourselves in order;" then he turned round: "March!"—and the dull half-suffocated drum, from within the deep column, was heard beating such delicious music. Now, at last, was all to be realized for which we had left our homes, had suffered so many fatigues, had so ardently longed for. The bugle gave the signal of halt; we were in front of the village of Ligny. The signal was given for the riflemen to march out to the right and left of the column, and to attack.

Our ardour now led us entirely beyond the proper limits; the section to which I belonged ran madly, without firing, toward the enemy, who retreated. My hindman\* fell; I rushed

\* Riflemen, who attack as *tirailleurs*, and never shoot without aiming, are placed two by two together. These couples assist each other, one charges whilst the other aims, and vice versa. One of them is called the fore-man, the other hind-man.—EDITOR.

on, hearing well but not heeding the urgent calls of our old sergeant. The village was intersected with thick hedges, from behind which the grenadiers fired upon us, but we drove them from one to the other. I, forgetting altogether to fire and what I ought to have done, tore the red plume from one of the grenadiers bear-caps, and swung it over my head, calling triumphantly to my comrades.

At length we arrived at a road crossing the village lengthwise, and the sergeant-major had now succeeded in his attempt to bring us somewhat back to our reason. There was a house around the corner of which he suspected that a number of French lay. "Be cautious," said he to me, "until the others are up," but I stepped round, and a grenadier stood about fifteen paces from me; he aimed at me, I levelled my rifle at him. "Aim well, my boy," said the sergeant-major, who saw me. My antagonist's ball grazed my hair on the right side; I fired and he fell; I found that I had shot through his face; he was dying. This was my first shot ever fired in battle.

Several times I approached old soldiers in the battle, to ask them whether this was really

a good sound battle, and when they told me, as heavy a one as Dennewitz, one of the most sanguinary engagements in which our regiment, or, in fact, any regiment had ever fought, I was delighted. All I had feared was, that I should not have the honour of assisting in a thorough battle. I observed a hog and a child both equally bewildered ; they must have soon been killed, and, as I never can omit observing contrasts, I noticed a bird anxiously flying about its young ones and striving to protect them in this tremendous uproar and carnage. A degree of vanity, I remember, made me in the beginning of the battle feel very important, when I thought that a man's life depended on my trigger.

After about an hour, I was calmed down, and got the proper *trempe*.\* I felt a parching thirst, and, discovering a well, I took a canteen from the knapsack of a dead soldier, contrived to fasten it by thongs, obtained in a similar way, to a pole, and drew up some water. A captain, seeing me, partook of it, and made some remarks about my calmness, which made me feel proud. It happened where the fire was briskest.

\* Temper of steel.—EDITOR.

But I cannot tell you all the details of the fight, and what a soldier personally does in a battle, so bloody and so long as that of Ligny ; how many of my friends I have seen falling dead or wounded around me, how desperately we fought on both sides for the possession of the village ; and how the troops against us were three times renewed, while we received no succour. Suffice it to say, that the battle lasted in all its vigour until dark.

The village was four times taken and retaken ; the last time we had to march in a hollow way, which leads across the centre of the place, and where the struggle had been the hottest all the afternoon. Three or four layers of dead and living, men and horses, impeded the progress of the soldiers, who were obliged to wade in the blood of their comrades, or to trample upon wounded enemies, imploring them to give some assistance, but to whom they were obliged to turn a deaf ear, whatever might be their feelings. This last attempt to regain the village, when I was called upon to assist in getting a cannon over the mangled bodies of comrades or enemies, leaping in agony when the heavy wheel crossed over them, has impressed itself

with indelible horror upon my mind. I might give you details such as you have seen in no picture of a carnage, by whatever master it was painted ; but why ?

All my ammunition was exhausted except one ball, which I was anxious to save, should any cavalrist attempt to sabre me. It was impossible for me to get new ammunition, and so I was obliged, for more than an hour, to be present at the fire as a mere spectator. I would not have gone back on any account, though the commander of our company once advised me to do so. In the course of the battle, one of my friends had, in the heat of the engagement, put his ball into the rifle before the powder. It is one of the most painful things that can happen to a young soldier. There is a kind of stigma or suspicion attached to this mishap ; besides, who likes to leave the battle ? Yet I advised him to go back and get the ball extracted. "I'd rather fight the whole day with a stick," he exclaimed. He then took the gun and ammunition from a dead Frenchman, and fired the enemy's own balls until he fell. I now tried to do the same, but, though guns enough were strewed on the ground, I found no cartridge-box with ammunition.

Toward evening the cavalry began to press us more and more; to regain the village was impossible; our troops were thinned to the utmost; it became dark; the bugle blew to retreat, when horse-grenadiers approached to charge us. The signal was given to form heaps.\* It was now, when retreating, that our men began for the first time to show uneasiness. The colonel observed it by the irregular *beat* of the gun, when he commanded "Ready." But as if he were on the drilling place, he said, "Your beat is bad; have we drilled so long for nothing? down with your guns; now, Ready!" and every man was calm again. Treat good soldiers soldier-like, and good sailors sailor-like, and you may always depend upon them. The cavalry charged, but we received them according to the rule, "No firing until you see the white of their eyes;" and they were repelled. My brother had been wounded in the

\* Infantry forms, at the approach of cavalry, regular squares; but, when troops are so thinned and dispersed as the regiment Colberg was toward the end of this battle, or, when the attack of cavalry is too sudden and unexpected to admit of their regular formation, mere heaps are formed; that is, the infantry run together and imitate a square as well as they can.—EDITOR.

foot, and was obliged to ride the night through on the pointed cover of an ammunition car. He assured me afterwards he had an uncomfortable ride of it, which I willingly believe.

Of our whole company, which, on entering the engagement, mustered about 150 strong, not more than from twenty to thirty *combatants* remained. The old soldiers of our regiment treated us ever after this battle with signal regard, while, before it, they had looked upon us rather as beardless boys. We marched all night. On the seventeenth we attempted twice to go to bivouac, but were twice disturbed by the enemy. Suffering greatly from hunger, we made a meal of raw pork, having met with a hog.

Toward evening I was sent with some others to get whatever might be obtained in the shape of victuals, from the surrounding villages. It was a sad charge! In one house, stripped of every thing, we found a young woman with an infant, by the side of her father, who had been beaten and wounded by some marauding enemies. She asked us for a piece of bread; we had none. We gave her some potatoes which we had just found, but she said she had no-

thing to cook them with. We received this day the order of the army, in which Blücher spoke in high terms of the conduct of the infantry during the battle ; our regiment was singled out by name.

We marched a great part of the night. Rain fell in torrents ; it had rained the whole of the 17th ; the roads were very bad. Early in the morning of the 18th, we found part of our regiment from which we had been separated. It was a touching scene, to see the soldiers rushing to each other, to find comrades whom we had believed to be dead or missing. Our men were exhausted, but old Blücher allowed us no rest.

We began early on the 18th our march. As we passed the marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a hill, our soldiers began to hurrah, for it was always a delight to them to see the "Old one," as he was called. "Be quiet, my lads," said he ; "hold your tongues ; time enough after the victory is gained." He issued this morning his famous order, which ended by assuring our army that he would prove the possibility of beating, two days after a retreat, and with inferior numbers, and

which concluded with the words, “We *shall* conquer, because we *must* conquer.”

We entered the battle with Blucher in the afternoon: you know the history of this memorable day. It had been again our lot to stand unengaged for some time in sight of the battle; we saw some brilliant charges of our cavalry putting to rout French squares. Not far from us stood the hussars, commanded by Colonel Colomb. An aide came with the order to charge a square. “Volunteers, advance!” called the colonel,—intending to form the body for the attack of volunteers,—when the whole regiment, as if by magic, advanced some steps. He was obliged to order a company in the common way. Numerous wounded passed by us while we stood there inactive. Marshal Blücher rode by, and when he observed our uniform, said, “Ah, my Colbergers, wait, wait a moment, I’ll give you presently something to do.”

We suffered dreadfully from the cravings of hunger. I found a peasant in the cellar of a house near the road, and threatened to shoot him instantly unless he gave us bread. He assured us he had none. I told my comrade to

hold him, while I would seem to prepare to shoot him ; he brought us a small loaf. No one knows what the enjoyments of the palate are, who has not really suffered from hunger or thirst. Let a shipwrecked man, who floated for many days with the scantiest supply of water, under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, tell you what he suffered, and describe to you what he felt, when, for the first time again, he could quaff the delicious crystal liquid, without the jealous eyes of his fellow sufferers, fixed upon him, counting with the envy of a maniac each draught he takes. It is in such moments that we receive an enjoyment, which ever after gives us a different view of the senses through which we obtained it. They then appear to us in their true light, sanctified by all their importance and necessity in the great world of creation ; we then see how their subtle organization forms a powerful means of connecting scattered elements, and our inmost soul perceives that they, too, are the gifts of a great God.

It was heart-rending to halt, as we did in the evening, on the field of battle after such blood-shed. Fires were lighted, that the wounded

might creep to them. I found a hen-house, got in, and the door shut after me ; I heard the signal for march, and my anxiety was great when I found I could not get out. It was perfectly dark ; I groped about, but, to my utter discomfiture, I found no way of escape. At last, I set up a tremendous shouting, and after awhile succeeded in attracting the attention of some of our regiment, who delivered me from my unpleasant situation, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense.

The great body of the Prussian and English armies marched toward Paris ; but half of our army corps, to which I belonged, received orders to pursue Vandamme, who had thrown himself upon Namur. We marched the whole of the 19th ; the heat was excessive, and our exhaustion and thirst so great, that two men of our regiment became deranged in consequence. We chewed clay, over which the artillery had marched, and thus had pressed out its moisture by the wheels of the cannons. In my despair I even made the attempt—but I could not.

No soldier is allowed by the regulations, when marching through a place, to step out of

the ranks or to drink from wells on the road ; but when we marched in the course of this day through Gemblours, where the people had placed large tubs before their doors, filled with water, officers and privates fell pellmell upon them ; some drank their last draught. Such was the impression then made upon me by the consuming thirst, that, for a long time after, I was unable to see liquid of any kind without feeling an intense desire to swallow it, though I might not at the time feel thirsty.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we went to bivouac ; we started early again, and now my strength forsook me. I could not keep up with the troops, and began to lag behind ; it was a most painful feeling to me, but I could not do otherwise. I tried to get hold of a cannon : an artillerist, pitying my appearance, wished even to take me on the cannon, but his officer would not permit it.

Suddenly, at about noon, I heard the first guns ; the battle of Namur had begun. Heavens, and I not with my corps ! My strength was suddenly restored ; I ran across a field, in which the balls of the enemy were mowing down the high wheat, toward the commander

of our brigade, whom I espied on an elevation. I asked him, "Where is my regiment?" He very angrily turned round: "Who disturbs me here during the engagement? go to the d——," but as soon as he began to observe me more narrowly, my exhausted appearance, my youth, and particularly when I quickly said, "Sir, I ask, because I want to fight," he bent down from his horse, stroked my face, and said, in a mild tone, "What do you want, my rifleman?" I repeated my question; he showed me where I had to go, gave me to drink, and called after me, "Come and see me after the battle: do you understand?" "I do," said I. Two minutes after he fell. He was a most kind officer, and the soldiers said he treated the riflemen too kindly.

When I arrived where my regiment stood, or, as I should rather say, the little band representing it, I dropped down, but fortunately one of my comrades had some eggs, one of which gave me great strength. Our colonel came up to us, saying, "Riflemen, you have twice fought like the oldest soldiers; I have to say nothing more; this wood is to be cleared; be calm—bugleman, the signal!" and off we

went with a great hurrah ! driving the French before us down a hill toward Namur, which lay on our front. My hindman—like his predecessor—was killed.

When I saw our men rushing too fast down the hill, I was afraid that some enemies might be hid under the precipice to receive them. Holding myself with my left hand by a tree, I looked over the precipice, and saw about seven Frenchmen. “They will hit me,” I thought, and, turning round to call to our soldiers, I suddenly experienced a sensation as if my whole body were compressed in my head, and this, like a ball, were quivering in the air. I could feel the existence of nothing else ; it was a most painful sensation.

After some time, I was able to open my eyes, or to see again with them ; I found myself on the ground ; over me stood a soldier firing at the enemy. I strained every nerve to ask, though in broken accents, whether, and if so, where I was wounded. “You are shot through the neck.” I begged him to shoot me ; the idea of dying miserably, half of hunger, half of my wound, alone in the wood, overpowered me. He, of course, refused ;

spoke a word of comfort, that, perhaps, I might yet be saved ; and soon after himself received a shot through both knees, in consequence of which he died in the hospital, while I am now writing an account of his sufferings here, in America.

My thirst was beyond description ; it was a feverish burning. I thought I should die, and prayed for forgiveness of my sins, as I forgave all ; I recollect I prayed for Napoleon ; and begged the Dispenser of blessings to shower his bounty upon my beloved ones ; and, if it could be, to grant me a speedy end of my sufferings. All my relations passed before my mind. I received a second ball, which entering my chest, gave me a more local pain than the first ; I thought God had granted my fervent prayer. I perceived, as I supposed, that the ball had pierced my lungs, and tried to breathe hard to hasten my dissolution. At several periods I heard soldiers passing by and making their remarks upon me, but I had no power of giving any sign of life. A boy, the son of a colonel, was led by an old soldier past me ; I could see them dimly, and heard the boy exclaim, "Oh, my father !" I heard afterwards

that his father had been killed, and the second in command had sent the boy out of the fire.

I now fell into a deep swoon ; the ideas of approaching death, the burning thirst, and the fever, created by my wounds, together with the desire which had occupied our minds so often during the last days, of seeing once more good quarters, produced a singular dream, which was as lively and as like reality as it was strange. I dreamt that I had died and arrived before the gates of heaven, where I presented my billet. St. Peter looked at it, and I was admitted into a wide saloon, where an immense table was spread out, covered with the choicest fruits, and with crystal vessels filled with the most cooling beverages. I was transported with joy, yet I asked, " Do people here eat and drink ? " St. Peter answered, that those who wished to enjoy those refreshments, as was probably my case, were at liberty to do so, but that those who were unwilling to partake of them felt no evil effects in consequence ; life was possible there without food. I went to one of the crystal bowls, and drank in deep draughts the refreshing liquid. I awoke, and found a soldier bending over me, and giving me out of his canteen what I long believed to be wine, so

deliciously and vivifyingly did it course through every vein. But at a later period I happened to meet the same soldier, and learned that this reviving liquid was simple water. It was extremely hot, and the wounded suffered very much; but this heat, so painful to us, saved perhaps my life, since, without any bandage over my wounds, I soon must have bled to death, had not the clogged blood served instead of a bandage, and stopped in a measure farther bleeding.

I succeeded in expressing to the soldier my wish that he would return with some men to carry me away; he promised to return, but did not. I again became senseless, and when I awoke found myself digging in agony in the ground, as I had seen so many of the dying men do in the previous battles. I shuddered, and prayed once more for a speedy dissolution. I had, fortunately, in my agony and struggle, turned from the precipice; had I turned toward it, I must inevitably have perished. My situation, on a declivity, was such that I could see into the plain of Namur, and I was rejoiced, when I saw by the fire that our troops had, by this time, hard pressed the enemy.

My strength was fast going, and when, to-

ward evening, I was awakened by the peasants sent to collect the wounded, but who found it more profitable to plunder the dead or such of the wounded as could offer no resistance, and to throw both into the fosses, the common grave of friend and foe, I could not speak ; I felt as if a rock was weighing upon every limb and muscle. They searched for my watch and money, and rudely stripped me of my clothes, which increased my pains and renewed the bleeding of my wounds. At last I was enabled to move my eyelids, and this motion, as well as, probably, the expression of my look, showed them not only was I living, but that I was sufficiently sensible to be aware of all the horrors of my situation. One of them said, "*Ah, mon camarade, tu es dans un état qu'il faut que tu crèves !*" When they had nearly finished their work, I heard a loud threatening voice, a shot, and a scream of one of the peasants, upon which they all absconded.

Soon after a soldier of the Westphalia militia, himself wounded, dragged himself toward me. He had seen the peasants at their nefarious work, and fired upon them. He saw my helpless situation, and when he espied a surgeon

below in the valley, he called to him to come and dress my wounds. "At this hour work is left off,"\* he replied, and proceeded on his way. My protector intended to fire at him also, but his wounds prevented him from loading quickly enough. He promised me to return soon with assistance. I feared he would not return, and saw him, with a heavy heart, disappear behind the trees; but he did not deceive me.

At about 9 o'clock he returned — painful as it was to him to walk — with some peasants, who dressed me with the clothes of the dead around me, and made a litter, by means of guns; upon which they carried me into the valley, to a farm where the surgeons were. All the lint had been used, and it was necessary to cut open the uniform I had on, and employ the wadding of it as a substitute. A suttler tried to make me eat small crumbs, but I could not move a single muscle without great pain.

A short time after, a false alarm spread that the French were coming up again; wounded

soldiers are full of apprehension, and the rumour was believed. I implored my kind friend, for I had, by this time, somewhat recovered my speech, to take me away ; I feared nothing so much as to be taken prisoner when wounded. He fetched a wheelbarrow, made to carry lime, got me into it as well as he could, and carried me to a farm at a distance from the main road. My pains, during this time, were excruciating ; my bandages fell off. On the road to this farm, we met a wounded sergeant of my company. I heard the militia-man ask him whether he knew me ; he answered in the negative, and I could not tell who I was. My head had struck against the wheel, and my wound had bled anew. "Poor fellow," said the sergeant, "may God assist you !" then, addressing the militia-man, I heard him express his serious doubts as to the possibility of my recovery, but requesting him to take care of me as long as I should be alive.

The house to which I was taken was full of wounded ; my kind companion tried to make some room for me on the ground ; it rained hard, and we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather. In the morning, my friend left me, after having recommended me to the care

of an officer of our regiment, shot through the belly. Toward noon a coal-cart arrived, to take some of the wounded to Namur; the officer was carried into it; and I then heard him say, "Fetch that rifleman;" but those who were to execute his order took another in my place, and I could not speak loud enough to correct the mistake.

By the time that evening arrived, the number of the wounded had greatly diminished; all who could carry themselves to town had done so. Late in the evening, the proprietor of the house—an old man—came, slowly and shily, into his own house. He made some porridge, and in a manner, which betrayed much feeling, tried to feed me, but I could eat but very little. The poor old man had himself a son in the army.

On the 22d every one was carried out of the house except myself and three others, with equally bad wounds. We had not strength to make ourselves sufficiently noticed when the carts arrived. We remained together the whole day in silent companionship; the old man had left the house soon after he had attempted to feed me.

On the 23d, in the forenoon, I resolved to creep out of the door, should I perish in the attempt, in order to stand a chance of being seen by passengers. It must have been more than two hours before I succeeded in reaching the road, though but a few rods from the house; I fell from one swoon into another. Many persons, passing by, threw money to me, but what was I to do with money? At last, two soldiers of my company, who had remained in Namur to have their rifles repaired, passed by. They could not recognise me by my features, because my face was incrusted with blood and earth, but they knew me by my boots, which the plundering peasants had not succeeded in pulling off. It was my custom, in order to protect the soles of my boots, to drive nails in, all over them, and every evening I used to put in a new nail, wherever I found the head of an old one gone. This had given them almost the appearance of a steel plate, and as they could be plainly seen by passers-by, did me the essential service I have mentioned.

As soon as the soldiers recognised me, they managed to get a stable-door, begged a wounded

soldier, who was passing by, to serve as my escort, and obliged four persons going by to carry me toward Namur. Whenever we came across any one on the road, one of my carriers was allowed to depart, and the new comer obliged to take his place. When we arrived at the house where my wounds had been dressed on the evening of the 20th, we found a cart literally crowded with wounded French; but it was necessary to make room for me, and it was accordingly done. The dipping motion of the two-wheeled cart, the jolting on the paved roads, such as they are in that country, was excessively annoying to us, and made the French scream lustily, at which a soldier of our regiment, the only Prussian besides me in the cart, and himself very grievously wounded, swore in great anger.

When we entered the city of Namur, the inhabitants showed much kindness to us; so much, indeed, that it became annoying. One man, I think he was a hair-dresser, insisted upon washing my face, though I told him that every touch he gave caused me great pain. The French were carried to their hospital, but the Prussians were obliged to proceed. We

were taken to the Meuse, where two vessels, chained together, received the wounded. Two girls endeavoured here to dress my wound ; and changed my shirt, stiff with blood, for a clean one. I thanked the kind souls ; and they gave me, in addition, some currants. In the vessel I found many of my comrades. The sun was very hot. Toward evening, the vessel in which I was drew water ; besides which it rained. We suffered much. At Huy, where we arrived at about midnight, we received some bread, but we wanted surgeons.

In the morning, at about eight o'clock, we arrived in Liege ; the inhabitants received us with all possible kindness. I was carried into a house, where I found four or five wounded, and two young ladies busy in dressing them ; some of the wounds were already in a most disgusting state. After they had dressed me as well as they could, I said to one of my comrades, a school-mate of mine, that I needs must try to get to the hospital ; my wounds required proper attendance. He, wounded as he was in the thigh, tried to support me in getting there ; but soon after we had left the house, I fainted away. A lady, who found me in this state,

ordered me to be placed on a litter, and when my consciousness returned, I found myself on my way to the hospital, which was established in an old convent.—The large bell was rung, the doors opened, and I was carried into the yard ; I felt very unhappy. The hospital was so full, that I was placed, with many others, on straw in the yard ; besides, the uniform I now had on did not show my rank. Every morning a cart would enter into the yard, stop in the centre, and the driver would pass along the straw, to see who was dead. If he found one whose life was extinct, he pulled him out and carried him to the cart. The living were very quick to show by their motions that they were not yet ready for the cart.

At length, I succeeded in getting a place in the same bed with another. Close to my bed lay a dragoon, whose left arm, shoulder, and part of the chest had been carried away by a shell shot, so that part of the interior could be seen ; it was the most cruel wound I ever beheld. Some time after, a few men, some with one arm, some with one leg, some otherwise wounded, would amuse themselves by

marching up and down the long rooms, commanded by some gay wooden leg. So light-hearted is the soldier. It was found necessary to prohibit these mock drillings.

I was once present in the amputation room, when a sergeant, after his leg had been taken off, exclaimed, drawing his pipe, "Why, the fire is gone out after all." Perhaps, it was from affectation that he said it, but it was, at all events, soldier-like affectation.

I had had a letter of introduction and credit to a gentleman in Liege, whom it was now very important for me to see, in order to obtain the means of leaving the hospital; but my memory failed me entirely. The cutting off of several nerves descending from the brain, and the ball grazing the skull, must have been the causes; I only regained it afterwards by degrees. But even if I should be able to find him, would he recognize me? Others had not known me in my sad guise; why should he? Yet I was determined, at least, to make the trial. I took a large stick, and, slowly dragging myself along, left the hospital. I was obliged often to rest on the steps in the street, and people showed invariably great kindness

toward me. A woman who sold fruit took a particular fancy to me, swore a king ought to be hung for allowing such lads as I was to take arms, and overwhelmed me with caresses, which I was incapable of parrying. People very often put money into my hand, and did not know what to make of it, when I refused accepting it.

On three different days, I made the attempt to find the gentleman I was in quest of, but did not succeed. At last, on the fourth trial, I found the house; I rang the bell with small hope of success. When the servant opened the gate, the gentleman happened to stand on the piazza, and immediately called me by name.

My sufferings were now, for the present, at an end. He gave me as much money as I wanted; I obtained quarters in town, and walked every day to a place where any soldier could get his wounds dressed. While I lay wounded in Liege, one of my brothers was in the hospital of Brussels, and another in Aix-la-Chapelle— just distributed in a triangle.

After I had been a considerable time in Liege, I met with one of our company, who told me, that, while I was carried on the litter to the

hospital, he followed on another, the bones of one of his arms having been shattered ; that after I had passed a certain corner, his carriers were beckoned at by a lady ; they carried him into the house ; it belonged to one of the richest wine merchants of the city. He met with the utmost kindness in his house, especially from the young lady, about sixteen years old. He was glad to find me, because he could not with ease converse with her.

I went : Julie,—this was her name,—had the look of an angel. Alert, whenever she could do anything for my wounded comrade, and not shunning labours, even the most disgusting,—she prayed for him, when she could not be of any active service. Often, when painful operations were performing on him, and her assistance was not required, she would kneel before her crucifix in a neighbouring room, and pray for the assistance of Him who can heal all pains. I have ever since been unable to imagine an angel without her features.

It was not long before I went daily to her house. I was delighted at finding this being after such rough handling ; the contrast was immense. On the other hand, my great youth

for a uniform—the down hardly budding on my chin—and with a wound of a peculiar kind, such as is seldom seen—shall I add, that we fell in love with each other?

## LETTER VII.

Return to my Comrades — A Soldier's Home—Typhus Fever  
—Old François—My Restoration to Health—Return Home  
—My Reception—A Waterloo Dog—Rapid communication  
between New York and Foreign Countries—Anecdote.

THOUGH I remained for a long time under the physician's care in Liege, I returned as soon as possible,—and too soon for my health,—to my mother, as our soldiers used to call their company, appropriately expressing in this homely way the warm attachment which an honourable soldier feels toward his comrades, officers, and regiment ; toward that body in which alone he “ is worth his price,” and out of which he is an insulated nullity. Our physicians were continually obliged to guard against deceptions, when making out the lists of convalescents.

The company is the soldier's home ; there he knows every body and is known by all ; and what a feeling, when, — as a battery is to be

taken, or some other hard work to be done,—the colonel looks round for a few seconds and says, Take the third or fourth—in short, the company to which you belong ! A similar feeling extends of course over the whole regiment, and, in like manner, as the uniform is of great importance, because it strengthens the feeling of uniformity and of honour, and produces a care not to “disgrace the coat,” so is the name, given to a particular regiment in honour of some signal actions or other worthy deeds, of great effect. Mere numbers are too abstract : a regiment which has often stood well the hardest buffetings, will, indeed, confer a peculiar signification upon such a number. There were, for instance, in Napoleon’s and Wellington’s armies, regiments whose mere number needed only to be mentioned to awaken in every breast a soldier-like feeling ; yet a name is more pithy, more significant, and affords an admirable means of rallying in times of danger. When, late in the afternoon of the 18th, our regiment passed Prince Blücher, he turned to his aide-de-camp, “Colberg !”—“Yes, your grace,” was the answer, and the old man took off his hat in token of respect for our regiments.

There were some moist eyes, I can assure you. With what a thrilling joy does not a sailor hear the name of his vessel ! and where is the man in the whole navy, where is the American in the whole Union, who would not grieve to see the name of a vessel, which has become the nation's favourite, for instance, of a Constitution, changed for another not yet historical ? Why are the names, at least, of famous ships preserved in the various navies, when the vessel herself cannot be kept afloat any longer ? Should we have war again, Congress might find a fit means for acknowledging the services of the most distinguished regiments, or rewarding those who suffered most, in bestowing upon them peculiar names, taken from the places of their hottest actions, or given in memory of our greatest men. Regiment Washington would not sound badly.

Owing to my return to the regiment before I was able to support its duties, I fell sick again. I underwent an attack of the worst kind of typhus fever, and was sent to the hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was in a state of unconsciousness when I was brought into it, and remained so for several days. When I awoke,

and for the first time returned to consciousness, I found myself in a long room, "the Fever Station," in which there were above sixty beds, ranged along both sides. Thus, again separated from my company, and from every human soul of my acquaintance,—for my brother who took me to the hospital could not remain there,—the knowledge of my being in the worst of all the rooms of an hospital, and the atmosphere which carried with it to the senses the quick conviction that I was once more surrounded by sick and dying, made a deep impression upon me. I saw an old man by the side of my bed, whom I immediately recognised for one of the nurses, and asked him where I was. He answered in French that he did not understand me. I repeated my question in French, and he told me, "in the hospital of Aix-la-Chapelle." "What day is it?" "Christmas morning."

Suddenly all the many thousand associations, connected in the mind of a German with Christmas, burst upon me, and, weakened by disease, I cried bitterly.\* The old nurse—

\* Christmas is the most joyous festival in Germany, especially in the Protestant parts. In Italy, children, as is the custom in the United States and in England, I think, hang

François was his name—kindly tried to comfort me, and you will imagine that the mere idea of being surrounded by soldiers, and being myself one, soon checked the sad current of

up a stocking, into which, during night, the *Beffana*, an imaginary woman answering to the American *crysingle*, is said to put presents. The name Beffana is a corruption to Epiphanias, and the character is represented in the drollest ways, generally by men, in the streets of many Italian places, in Rome, on the fifth of January, and thereabout. But in Germany the making of presents is of a character quite different. Six weeks before Christmas, children, and grown people too, begin to "wish," i. e. to intimate or openly to tell what presents they particularly desire. They consist, with children, mostly of toys. The nearer the time draws, the more mystery is there among families; packages come in, whose size and form are scrutinized by the children; yet none dare to open them, because every thing of the kind is considered *taboo* in this season. Sisters seek a hidden corner in the house, or go to some aunt to work secretly a purse, a handkerchief, or other articles for members of the family or friends; some have rehearsals of farces, written among themselves, others of living pictures; conspiracies are going on to find out what some person particularly wishes, or to steal a book to have others bound in the same way, &c. At last Christmas arrives, when, either on Christmas eve or on the morning of the feast, all presents are "laid out," or "built up," as the German phrase is, on large tables, in the centre of which stands the Christmas tree, an evergreen, with many tapers, and under which often the birth of the Saviour is represented by figures on moss. When the parents have

my feelings. But I will not dismiss this subject without expressing my gratitude to good

arranged every present they have themselves to give, or which has been handed to them by the different members of the family for others, all the tapers are lighted, and the doors flung open. If there are grandparents in a family, "the building up" with them generally takes place on Christmas eve ; and what a noise there is when all the grandchildren are assembled and try their toys ! The parents give their presents in such case on Christmas morning. There is no bachelor, no young student, separate from his own family, that will not partake in the Christmas joys in some family or other. We fear it is necessary to be a German to feel with the author in the above passage. We will only say to those who cannot understand him, that they may believe us when we assure them that there is on Christmas in Germany a universal stir of kind feeling among the people toward each other. Every one endeavours to learn the wishes of others and secretly to prepare a pleasure, for which the little ones will empty their saving boxes, the larger ones paste and paint lamps and other ornaments for the Christmas tree, and the sisters work busily at embroidery, &c., so much so, that we know several instances when young ladies were occupied with fine work so late at night, for many weeks, that their eyes and general health suffered in consequence. Every thing can be abused. Perhaps our readers are not aware of the fact, that German ladies far surpass others in skill, taste, and ingenuity in all kinds of needle and other work fit for ladies, and that they are ever ready to give pleasure to those around them, by delicate attentions evinced in making such kind of work.—  
EDITOR.

old François. He will never know it, and, were he to read this, what would this paper gratitude be to him? But it is to satisfy myself that I give vent to my feelings. How often hast thou tried to calm me, when, watching out of thy time at my bed, I asked what o'clock it was, and, irritated by fever and interrupted sleep, was angry with thee that it was not yet morning! Kind old François, how ready thou wert to do any service for me, though thy old age made walking a heavy task to thee! How often hast thou begged the physician to allow me a larger portion, when, in a convalescent state, my appetite went in its demands far beyond what a judicious treatment could allow me! The grave has probably closed by this time over thee. Be thy memory ever dear to me!

It was not long before my sickness took a favourable turn, and I literally suffered—as I have already hinted—from a craving appetite. I was on half ration, and could not obtain more, though every morning and evening I would ask for a whole ration when the physician made his round. Reduced in strength, and young as I was, I had not sufficient judg-

ment and energy to resist the cravings of my appetite, and began to ask my fellow patients for pieces of bread which they had left. With greater anxiety have I seen there a piece of bread travel from bed to bed through all the sick hands before it reached me, than I now wait for the most savoury canvass-back duck. I did not deviate with impunity from the physician's prescriptions ; I suffered a relapse, which brought me so near to the grave that I was given over. But—as I believe you know—I survived, and still remain among the living.

I might give you some good stories of high and low life in an hospital. The good table of the surgeons—where I often dined after I was somewhat restored to health — the interest which grows up among those who have been long together in a room—the childish disobedience of the soldier, who will lay out his wits to obtain by stealth a herring from without—the preaching of some to their brethren, —the fantastic processions of others—but this is not the place for it.

I was carried, before my restoration, to the hospital of Cologne, and found again there an apothecary, who had already in Aix-la-Cha-

pelle evinced the warmest interest for me, and without whose kind care I think it probable I should not write these lines to you.

It was here in the hospital of Cologne that I, for the first time in my life, drew from my own experience a conclusion, which at every subsequent period has been confirmed ; namely, that ignorance creates distrust, and, if you extend it, want of knowledge makes us incapable of acting. As in the physical world we must know, before every thing else, time and place, the importance of which is impressed so deeply on our mind, that a traveller, awakened from sleep by the stopping of the stage-coach, starts up with the words, Where are we ? What o'clock is it ?—so is it impossible for us to make a safe step in any occupation or enterprise whatever, if we have not a just knowledge of our situation. Thus many acts of genius are considered as demonstrations of great boldness or moral courage, while, in fact, it is to the sagacity of genius, which enables its owner to see farther than others into the means of safety, as into all other things, that the attempt is due. But to give the instance which taught me the above truth in an hospital.

Soon after I was so far restored as to be able to sit in my bed, soldiers would request me to write for them to their families, which I did with much pleasure, because, besides the service I thus rendered them and their friends, I became the father confessor of my older comrades ; and the agreeable surprise which they generally manifested, when I read the letter to them, at my having so well expressed what they wished to say, but had not been able to communicate to me, was ample reward for my trouble.

All went on well, until one day, after having read one of these letters to a most stupid fellow, who had not yet sent home the least information of his having escaped with a wound from all the murderous battles, I jocosely said, “ You don’t believe I wrote all this ? I gave quite a different account of you.” Enraged, he tore the letter, and I never succeeded in convincing him that what I said was meant as a joke ; and that I could have no interest in giving a bad account of him, even should I dare to do it. Distrust was raised in him, and his powers were too limited to obtain a proper view of the case. The fool’s wit is incredulity,

as Raleigh says. The same happens every day between governments and nations to whom the former neglect to afford the means of gaining knowledge.

It was not until long after peace had been concluded, that I was so far restored to health as to be able to travel home. My family had given me up ; letters had miscarried, and the last news they had heard of me was of a kind to encourage them but little ; so I truly gave them a surprise.

Having arrived in Berlin, I went home on foot from the post-office ; the streets, the houses, the shops, every thing the same, and yet looking so differently to me. In one year I had grown older many years. I stepped into the house and looked around ; it was all as before ; the scenes of my childhood, the walls which enclosed the persons dearest to me. I went slowly up stairs ;\* I opened the door ;

\* Houses on the continent of Europe are often inhabited by several families, and generally open. The ringing of the bell, therefore, is not necessary to obtain admission, which, by the way, has some influence upon social intercourse, in our opinion. Intrigues could not possibly be so frequent in France and Italy, among many classes, had the visiter always to ring the bell, and thus to attract the attention of the servants, before he could enter.—EDITOR.

“ Ah !——,” cried my sister, and fell into my arms.

Now, I had a dog with me, which a dragoon, who died in the bed next to mine, in Aix-la-Chapelle, had bequeathed to me with the broken accents of a man who is fast going. The animal had been at Waterloo, where it lost the end of its tail by a ball ; I loved the beast, so did he me, and when he saw my sister hanging at my neck and sobbing, he thought it was high time to defend his master ; so he flew at her, most mercilessly tearing her gown, until I saw it, and, fortunately, before he did injury to herself. The exclamations of my dear sister, the howling of the dog, perhaps my own words, soon attracted all the other members of my family, and almost——but where am I ? Am I writing my biography ? Come, come, let’s leap from Waterloo and Berlin to New York again.

A scene which strikingly proves the brisk and constant communication between New York and foreign countries is exhibited on board the steamboat, which, on packet days, takes the passengers to their various vessels, waiting at anchor in the stream. Some years ago, I

made the round in one of these steamboats, as more packets than usual happened to start on the same day. I remember, among others, the Liverpool, London, Havre, Hamburg, and New Orleans packets, besides, there were vessels going for Mexico, Havanna, Rio de Janeiro, and Calcutta. Contrary winds had bound them, and other vessels, for a long time. It was interesting to see how differently the prospect of the voyage affected the passengers. Some young travellers looked beaming with joy at the pleasures they expected from a journey in Europe; others, agents who had crossed the Atlantic many a time, looked perfectly indifferent, whilst the eyes of some ladies showed that they had taken leave from those for whom their hearts yearned. A French agent was still engaged in folding up his samples, neatly pasted on morocco, and recapitulating, with a friend, his last instructions. I heard, close to me, four languages at once—English, German, French, and Spanish, which, with the addition of Italian, you may hear almost any day, in Broadway, at the hours when it is most frequented.

When walking in that long street, which

gives to New York the character of a crocodile, all the limbs of which seem to be created as secondary appendages to its immense spine, I have often been reminded of the question which Mr. Niebuhr's little daughter asked me, as I was strolling with her in the streets of Naples, then occupied by the Austrian army, composed of Hungarian grenadiers, Bohemian artillery, German musqueteers, Illyrians, and I don't know of what others, of whom that military *olla podrida* consisted. Besides, there were some Italian and Swiss troops in town. The little girl saw a soldier in a uniform she had never seen before, and, in an Oriental style she asked me, "*Di che lingua è questo soldato?*"

\* Of what tongue is this soldier?—EDITOR.

## LETTER VIII.

Morning in a large City—Naples, Rome, London, Paris, and New York—Messenger Women—An Honest Cook—Markets—Italian Farmers—Love of Good Eating vindicated—Importance of Gastric Concerns—Small Churches and large Markets—Moral Influence of Cookery.

I LOVE to see large cities rise out of bed ; we see a number of curious things when the still morning makes his preparations for the noisy day, and a populous place rubs her eyes. A small window is opened, and an old woman peeps out ; an aged man goes to the pump to fetch water ; the little chimney sweeper—a forsaken being all over the globe—sings his shrill tune ; the gardeners come in with their vegetables ; the waggoner gets ready to start ; some stalls are opened, of course, such as sell things to eat, because to satisfy the stomach is always and every where the first wish of man. Then the hucksters appear ; at last, a grisette of a

fashionable house looks out of the window, with the duster in her hand, sees what weather it is going to be, and satisfies her curiosity by looking into the street. The iceman comes ; the baker rings the house bell ; the carrier trots along with the morning paper, and gradually one profession appears after the other on the stage of the day, until every thing is once more in the fair road of toil and bustle, and, at length, the boisterous letter-carrier raps at the door, as if he were the lictor of a Roman consul. The transition of one day into the other is not less interesting. At one and two o'clock the serenaders retire, and the bill-sticker appears with his burden of large papers and the paste-pot. Love keeps man the longest awake, gain drives him the earliest out of bed.

It is curious to observe the difference in this respect between different cities. In Naples, as soon as the doors of the small houses are opened, the whole family is out in the street ; there the little urchins wait with bowls, in which they have crumbs of bread, for the man to bring their breakfast in his buckets, or all start together to some woman at the corner, to take it there ; in Rome, the man with horse's

and ass's meat, on a pole over his shoulder, whistles, and every cat appears before her door, patiently waiting, with a high-arched back and tail erect, for her turn ; she never intrudes upon the territory of her neighbour. When the cats are satisfied, the milkman comes, not with cans, but with the cows and goats themselves, to milk the liquid which all mankind loves into the servant's pitcher, somewhat reminding you of Eldorado. I have seen, in other places, asses brought before the doors of the consumptive, that they might have the salutary milk fresh from the animal ; but in Rome, I suspect, dislike of labour is the only reason.

In London, you see breakfast tables, with tea and coffee (mercy on the throats which have to swallow it !) steaming and inviting the passers by ; in Paris, the old gentleman, with small-clothes and striped stockings, takes his breakfast, also, in the open air, and reads his paper, which the New York cartman peruses in driving down from the upper city to the busy part. But, generally speaking, the early morning in New York does not offer so many various sights as large European cities ; people take their breakfast comfortably at home ; no

women or men cry Potatoes! Mackerel! Old Clothes! Hare Skins! Maccaroni! Now and then, though seldom, a person may be found in that city who offers his articles thus screamingly.

In Boston, you never meet with it, but in Rome there are so many peculiar cries and screams, that they have been set in music; and, in Naples, it seems, nothing can be sold, without crying and clamouring it about. I saw once, in the Toledo,\* a man who had to sell a broken iron mortar, and what a noise he made with his pestle and tongue together!

I made my early tour through the streets of New York, not forgetting the harbour, and then proceeded to one of the most frequented markets. You know my *penchant* for markets, prisons, steeples, by-ways, and old women. The markets show you how the people live, the prisons how they punish, the high steeples teach you geography and topography from nature, by-ways tell you many things on which highways are silent, and old women tell you every thing you want to know.

\* Chief street of Naples. The name comes from the times when Naples was governed by Spanish viceroys.—EDITOR.

How many a long conversation have I had with some old “ messenger women ” in Europe, and, in return, they always have considered me “ a very nice young man.” One day, I walked from Eisenach and Luther’s Wartburg\* to Marksuhl ; I met the old Botenfrau of some place in the neighbourhood, carrying, in the large basket on her back, pots, bread, clothes, brushes, blacking, hams, and I do not know what motley collection besides. She was all kindness to me, told me of her late husband, who had been a soldier, and whom she had accompanied as suttler, (all his battles were fought over again,) of her daughters’ marriages, the rent she paid, the excellent cow she had ; (for people who have a cow think her always the best, as a captain considers his vessel always

\* When Luther returned, in 1520, from the Diet of the German empire at Worms, the Elector of Saxony, his Prince, justly feared that the safe-conduct promised by the Emperor would not be kept towards the reformer. He ordered, therefore, some persons to waylay the latter, and carry him to Wartburg, a castle in the Thuringian Forest. Luther himself did not know that he was carried there by his own protector. In this solitude of the forest, Luther worked at his version of the Bible. Beautiful as the spot is, it is of great interest to all Germans, and visited by every pedestrian and other travelier in the centre of Germany.—EDITOR.

the fleetest, be she slow as a fly in winter;) in short, I soon was enabled to write a complete biography of my eloquent companion, who invited me to take dinner with her. But when we came to a steep hill, and I asked whether I should not carry her burden up to the top, she flew into a passion, that I had not considered her equal to her profession. At an end was all our amiable intimacy; I had offended her in the vital point of her honour, distrusted her capacity of acting up to her calling; I had called Alexander a coward.

You mention, in one of your letters, that I should never allow a striking instance of moral or intellectual power to pass by without communicating it to you. The old woman above reminds me of such an instance, and here it is. A friend of mine had a coloured cook, with whom she was satisfied in every respect; she believed, in turn, that the cook was satisfied on her part, since she had to provide but for a small family. Nevertheless, one day, the cook told her that she wished to leave her house. "And why?" asked the lady, with surprise, knowing she had given no cause for complaint. "Because," answered the superintendent of

the kitchen, “there are no large dinners or suppers given in your house.” The fact was, the active mind of the cook, conscious of her thoroughly understanding her art, felt uneasy that she could not bring its powers into action. If you consider that the cook has no gain or profit whatever in large dinners, but only more labour, you will allow that it would not be bad for the world, were every one, in his sphere, propelled by that zeal and activity which gave impetus to the mind of this humble individual.

Never omit, my friend, to go, in the course of your journeys, and even, from time to time, at home, to the market. It is an index, not to be neglected, of the state of a great many things, important in national economy, and, besides, you see an assemblage of farmers and labouring men, whose behaviour and customs you have thus an opportunity to observe. What an advanced state of the whole art of farming does not a single, huge cheese, well made and carefully prepared, such as you see here or in England, indicate! If you see fresh and clean butter laid out on white, neat boards, and vessels near it, with bright, po-

lished brass hoops, and hear not a single rude word, or see a single coarse gesture, from the persons who brought all this to the market, you may safely conclude that their farms and homes are under good management. If you see poultry or calves' feet neatly prepared, or the fresh vegetables piled up in good order, displaying, perhaps, even some taste in the arrangement, you may safely conclude that the venders cannot be a lazy, good-for-nothing set of people. If you see mountains of turkeys, or of beef, sold by butchers, in clean, white linen frocks, you may set it down for certain that the people, on the whole, must live well, especially when you see, at the same time, an abundance of produce, which comes hundreds of miles distant, or fish brought up from sea at considerable expense.\* If you hardly meet with a single constable, and he but in common dress, without arms, leisurely walking about, you may believe that the people are pretty well behaved. But, when you see

\* To come to this conclusion, it is not necessary that salmon should be sold at two dollars and a half a pound, and its owner refuse fifty dollars for the whole fish, as was the case in the Boston market, on April 23d, 1833.—EDITOR.

many police-officers and gendarmes walking about with attentive mien ; when you see half-naked beggars picking up here a cabbage-leaf, there a brown piece of stringy meat, or when, perhaps, you meet with a poor insane wretch amusing the sellers and buyers by her frantic movements ; when you hear screaming, and scolding, and coarse language, and can discover no neatness, or no great variety of produce, no fruit beyond its most common size, no vegetable out of season—set down the people as one with whom the farmer is yet but in the first stages of agriculture, and the lower classes have little education.

Savarin, in his inestimable *Physiologie du Gout*, in my opinion one of the finest recent productions, gives, as his fourth aphorism, “ *Dis moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es.* ”\* This is truer still of nations or com-

\* Tell me what thou eatest, and I'll tell thee what thou art. The whole title of this work, which we, too, have perused, to our infinite pleasure and great profit, is, “ *Physiologie du Gout: Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage theorique, historique, et a l'ordre du Jour. Dedié aux Gastronomes parisiens. Par un Professeur, Membre de plusieurs Sociétés savantes.* ” Paris. The author is Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, late judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, &c. &c.—EDITOR.

munities than of individuals. I have always liked to observe on what people live, and how they live, and had all those who have declared the Italian a lazy farmer,—while it can be proved that he is one of the very first farmers in the world,—visited, with me, the Roman *pizzicagnolo*, and seen the great variety of excellent articles, which require labour and nicety, they would not have sweepingly charged the Italian farmer with sloth. There are some parts of Italy utterly neglected, I admit, but even the Neapolitan—that being, whose sole desire is to enjoy himself—see him in the field, walk through the *Campagna Felice*, and then say whether he is a farmer or not. But the best farmer is found near Turin.

I advise you to read a work by Mr. Chateauvieux, a gentleman sent by Napoleon to report on the state of agriculture in Italy and Germany.\* He was acquainted with English

\* The title of this work is *Lettres écrites d'Italie en 1812 et 13, à M. Charles Pictet, l'un des Rédacteurs de la Bibliothèque Britannique*; par Frederic Lullin de Chateauvieux; in two duodecimo volumes. It was not published till 1816. An English translation of these Letters appeared from the pen of the late Dr. Rigby, of Norwich.—EDITOR.

husbandry, too ; and he declares the farmer of the fertile parts of Piedmont the first in the world, as to the cultivation of the ground, not the breeding of live stock. Often has Mr. Niebuhr said to me, when travelling through Italy, "There, see ; the Italians always were pre-eminently an agricultural people. The Romans are often represented as mere soldiers ; this is essentially wrong ; they were farmers and loved farming ; we find proofs of this in many of their most distinguished men and of their best writings."

You may think that if I like so well to view markets, it must have been easy for me to fall in with the American custom, according to which, gentlemen often go to the market to designate what shall be sent home. I cannot say I relish the custom. I rather leave this to some one else, though, at the same time, you ought to remember that going to the market here is very different from what it would be on the continent of Europe, and though, I may add, I am far from considering a proper attention to our viands beneath a thinking man, as you in Germany are but too apt to do, and the consequence of which is, that cookery is

no where in a less favourable state than in the interior of Germany.

It has always appeared to me very curious that a man is called a benefactor of his country who improves agriculture; that we take the greatest trouble to improve the breed of our cattle, hogs, &c., by agricultural societies; that we consider horticulture worthy of the patronage of the most elevated men; that we are at great pains to improve fruits, wine, flour, &c.; that we speak with pleasure in all public prints of the introduction of a new vegetable; that we glorify in comparing the variety of garden and field fruits now at our disposal with the scanty supply of a century ago;—and that only when the moment at length arrives for which all the pains have been taken, and all the attention has been bestowed—the actual consumption of the various articles—that then only should it be considered beneath an elevated mind to attend to the matter with any degree of judgment or relish. Is that not important, which returns at least three times every day with every human being? Why is it not unworthy of a man of superior mind to pay proper care to his razors that they may shave

smoothly? The ancients did not think as we do: Cato bestowed attention on cookery, and many families had names indicating the care some one of their forefathers had taken to introduce a new vegetable, and the people's gratitude in consequence.

It is likewise altogether erroneous to suppose *gourmets* and *friends* to exist only in the higher classes, whose palates are spoiled. On the contrary, the lower classes are greater lovers of good dishes than the higher. Listen to a farmer when he talks of a peculiarly good kind of corn, "How sweet it tastes!" of a hog, he raised and ate last Sunday, smacking his lips and assuring you "he never ate a finer pig in all his life." Look at the brightness of his eye when he tells you of excellent ale, or fine wine, and then tell me, whether he loves good things or not. If I hear a man boasting that he cannot find any difference between a good and poor dinner, and that he engulfs it in five minutes, I pity him; that nature left his tongue and throat unprovided with those fine nerves of taste, to feel the great variety of salts, by which the different nutriments affect us, with pleasurable or unpleasant sensations; and believe

that she intended him for a shark, which swallows, pell-mell, every thing whole and entire, rather than for a human being. Who boasts of having received from nature dull ears which are unable to discriminate good music from bad? It is these nerves of the tongue and palate which enable man to distinguish and relish so many different tastes, that mainly impelled him to master nature and maintain himself the lord of the creation, for, without them there would be no cultivation, industry, or commerce.

Of what use is it to try to depreciate the value of a cultivated taste, when every thing around us, and every language, proves the great importance attached to it by all nations; and how powerful the sensation is, which is received by means of this delicate sense! The word taste itself is applied to the most refined objects of a moral and intellectual character. We hardly can speak of the commonest affair, of the most abstract, of poetry, or of religion herself, without constantly borrowing words which originally refer to impressions, received by means of that wronged instrument of sensation. “Sweet boy,” “dear, sweet mother,”

does it not sound sweet? Is not this word even applied to the highest Being whom our religion reveals? Does not the bitter cup of sorrow, when mentioned, convey a meaning which we cannot express by any other words? Who does not feel, at the expression Attic salt, all the acuteness of wit of the gifted people to whom it refers? You can not only use with great success all ideas, supplied by the sense of taste, in a metaphorical meaning, such as "bread of life," "well of life," but we use every day words, with which we cannot dispense, and yet they are derived from the sensations we owe to the nerves of taste and those nearly related to it:—satisfied, disgusting, pungent, insipid, sour and sweet (temper,) tasteless, surfeited, to relish an author, &c. while many expressions are hardly any longer metaphorical, so much has constant use effaced their original meaning: as, for instance, many of the above, and besides, among others, thirsting, food of mind, craving for novelty, &c.

Nor has religion refused to embody the act of taking nourishment into her rites, as the paschal lamb, agapes, &c., and the founder of

our religion calls his disciples the salt of the earth. Let us not, therefore, treat the sense of taste with superciliousness, but rather give it its proper rank as we would to any thing else.

What keeps not only body and soul together, but the different classes in a nation, and connects nations with one another? Throw a glance at the industry of a people; how many are employed in providing for—the stomach, and how many, not directly employed in this way, make instruments for the use of the farmer? Commerce exists mainly by the wants of the mouth; property receives value from these wants; and, in short, civilization, as well as our preservation, is intimately connected with—our appetite.

Of no place in the world, perhaps, have we more accurate statistics than of Paris. They are obtained at a price at which we should not like to collect them, though much more attention ought to, and will be, in course of time, directed to statistics with us, without which a great part of all legislating remains but a groping in the dark. But let us make use, at least, of the valuable materials obtained in this line

by others. Galignani's New Paris Guide communicates, from official reports, a mass of interesting statistical details, of which I will only give you a few; you may draw the conclusions yourself. They relate to the year 1826.

For rent, was paid	£3,166,666 st.,	{ or 72 shillings for each inhabitant.
Annual maintenance and repair of houses	£791,666 st.,	or 18 shillings. "
Food - - - - -	£12,221,150 st.,	or £13 " " "

The various items under this principal head are enumerated in the official paper, and you may imagine how interesting they are. The expenditure on clothing amounts to one-fifth of that on food, namely, to £2,444,230, or 55 shillings 4 pence for each inhabitant. Fuel, £1,674,375, or 38 shillings 3 pence each. Washing, £1,246,875, being 28 shillings 6 pence each person. Lighting, Furniture, Salaries for servants, &c., form other items of these documents. If you now consider how much of the fuel is used for cookery, and that the expense for clothing, in a city like Paris, is much greater in proportion to the expense for food than in the whole country of France besides,

you will find what part all gastric concerns play in the social life of our species.\*

If people in general would pay more attention to the subject of cookery, the true principle of which is, as in all similar cases, to develop by art the peculiar character of each given subject, imprinted upon it by nature, we should not be tormented with so many senseless dishes, nor ruin our health, as is the case in Germany, with meat boiled until no juice is left in the white strings, or roasted until it looks like bread found under the ashes of Pompeii, nor in the United States with dishes swimming in fat ; but we would endeavour to have on our tables juicy dishes with the flavour and aroma which nature, in her wisdom, has given to each.

In general, it may be said that American cookery has somewhat engrafted the French upon the English, the capital dish of which is roast beef, all others being secondary ; in the same way as the English call hanging capital punishment, and all the rest of punishments secondary. However, honour to English

\* The reader will find ample extracts of these very interesting statements in Part XXVII of the London Penny Magazine.—EDITOR.

cookery ! No other nation has found out how to treat meat in its proper style.

The Americans have the finest materials for a plentiful and savoury table, some of which do not grow at all, or not so plentifully in Europe ; for example, tomato or the egg-plant : and much might be done, were not cookery allowed to go on in its old way, but received proper attention from reflecting people. I do not mean to say that they ought to imitate an acquaintance of mine, who goes, when first the oysters appear, from shop to shop, and selects among bushels of them but one, and the only perfect one among the bushels, in each shop ; but I do mean to say, that health and many other considerations require that proper attention be given to the subject.\*

\* That readers in Europe may not suppose we are altogether starving in this country, in good things, as they might be led to do from the accounts of some travellers, we here insert the following, cut at random out of a Philadelphia newspaper. It is the bill of fare of the American Coffee House, of December 25th, 1833.

" 2 saddles Bears' Meat ; 2 saddles Fine Mountain Venison ; 2 saddles Albany Mutton ; 500 Terrapins—large size, very fine ; 40 pair Canvass Back Ducks ; Pheasants, Snipe, Woodcock, Red Necks, Black Duck, Broad Bills, Mallard, Dried Salmon,

It is a fact, that the Americans have very small churches and exceedingly large markets. The reason is, that food is the only thing upon which poor mankind can agree. The Presbyterian, the Quaker, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Jackson-man, the Calhoun, the Clay, the M'Lean, the Van Buren

Young Ducks, Vermicelli Soup; Chickens—Barbacued and Fricasseed; Squabs—Stewed and Barbacued; Sweetbreads; Sweetbreads Larded, Rabbits; Potatoes—Boiled or Roasted; Spanish Olives; French Olives; Pickles of various kinds; Sardines, Dutch Herring; Tripe and Oysters; Oysters—plain, stewed, roasted, broiled, and fried; Mutton Chops, with shallots; Lamb Chops—French and English style; Anchovy Toast; Welch Rabbit; Pork Steaks; Beef Steaks, with tomato sauce or onions; Veal Cutlets; Ham and Eggs; Omelet Chocolate; Cocoa; Coffee; Tea.

“A regular supply of Sauces, received direct from London.

“In addition to the above list of dishes, such arrangements have been made, as will render it possible to serve up all descriptions of Game in their proper seasons, together with every luxury the epicure can desire.

“N.B. Relishes always ready.”

The following advertisement may find a place here, as it shows how epicurism tries to mingle with politics in a large city:—

“GREEN TURTLE-SOUP ON ELECTION DAY.

“A fine fat turtle, weighing 250 lbs., will be cooked and served up in soup, steaks, calipash and calipee, on Tuesday next, the 14th instant, the day of the election, &c.”—EDITOR.

men, the federalist, the democrat, the anti-mason, the abolitionist and colonization-man, the nullifier and the union-man — all meet peaceably at the same butcher's stall and take meat of the same ox. What neither religious forbearance nor the love of country can effect, is effected by the palate. Thank Heaven, that there is at least one thing on this earth on which people agree. Don't smile at me, I am in earnest. What would become of mankind were not this cement in existence to hold families, nations, mankind together ?

I will conclude my dissertation on cookery with one more remark, namely, that the dinner, when well prepared, neatly arranged, and of savoury taste, is of very great moral importance with all the industrial classes. There is hardly an hour during which a hard labouring man enjoys his family more, and when his wife has a better opportunity to show that her attention to his comfort is deserving of his industry, than the dinner hour. I have seen man in many situations, but I know of no finer sight than a table, with a clean cloth, and a fine piece of meat, and some good vegetables,—all showing the care of the housewife,—when pre-

sently the husband comes in, and sitting down with a nice set of children, and thanking the Lord for all his bounty, eats with a hearty appetite, while the wife, with her eyes directed toward him, enjoys the silent praise which his partaking twice and three times of the dish bestows upon her work.

## LETTER IX.

Excursion at Sea—Grandeur and Beauty of the Ocean—  
Caspar Hauser—Irish Emigrants—A Faction-Fight—  
Penny Magazine—*Dictionnaire des Girouettes*—The Ter-  
rific Register—Temperature and Temper—Supreme ex-  
cellence of Shakspeare—Appreciation in Germany of that  
great Poet.

AFTER breakfast, I went with my brother-in-law, who was to proceed to the West Indies, to see him “out to sea.” A pilot-boat followed our vessel, like a dancing and nimble horse led behind a carriage, to take the rider at the spot of separation. Slowly we sailed, with a sluggish breeze, along that beautiful bay, which people have compared to the bay of Naples—why, I cannot say—probably, because every item in its appearance is different.

Out of Sandyhook, I enjoyed once more the sea, its vivifying breeze and its expanding sight, the heaving of the billows and the sharp line of

the horizon. Did I believe in the migration of souls, I should be sure that I was once a gull, or some sea-bird, enjoying the mighty view from his soaring sails above; or was I a cod, or, perchance, an oyster? I hope not; but, certain it is, that there must be some peculiarity in my nerves which produces a decided sensation of affinity, as soon as I perceive the sea. I remember when I beheld, for the first time, the mighty element, for which I longed in all the dreams of my boyhood; it was from the spire of the city church of Greifswalde—I was deeply affected; I sat and gazed, overcome, as when I saw, for the first time, Raphael's *Madonna di Sisto*. Lost in the pleasure of gazing, I then stood before the heavenly picture for two hours, when the keeper gently tapped me on the shoulder, and told me that the doors of the gallery were to be closed.

The sea is beautiful in itself, yet still more so from the ideas we connect with it. The knowledge that it is not bounded by our horizon, that this same swelling and heaving mass extends from here to China, that billow follows on billow, without end, that it has rolled and roared for years without number, that it con-

nects the most distant nations, and on its back rides history—it is this, it is its glory and its danger, that inspire us with awe or delight. It is the sea we do *not* behold, as much as that which we espy, which creates this state of our soul—half feeling, half thought. Otherwise our sensations would be the same on beholding a lake of moderate size, whose opposite shores we cannot discern ; and there can be little doubt but that Caspar Hauser would have felt as little pleasure, or any other sensation, had he seen the sea, as when he observed, for the first time, gardens and fields ; while he wept on beholding the starlight sky.\* This is

\* Caspar Hauser was an individual who had been kept, by some atrocious hand, in a narrow dungeon in Bavaria, from his earliest infancy to about his sixteenth year, shut out from all communication with the world. The acquirement of knowledge of this youth when he entered the world is accurately described in a small work by Mr. Von Feuerbach, a gentleman of the highest distinction, now deceased. It has been translated and published in Boston, 2d edition, 1833. Since the publication of this work, the poor youth has been murdered, probably by the same hand that had murdered already his childhood. The Earl of Stanhope, who took a great and active interest in Hauser, has published, for private distribution, some additional information on this interesting individual, a copy of which is on its way to us, and we may

a much grander sight in itself, but we are accustomed to it, and it does not threaten with

communicate parts of it to the public. Caspar had, as to the acquisition of notions and knowledge through the sense of sight, to go, of course, through the same processes and gradual acquaintance with the effects of colours on his eyes, as a person born blind, when restored to sight in riper years. A view of a garden or a landscape, which appears beautiful to us, would at first displease him much, until he had learnt to judge of distances, or experience had taught him perspective. A white-washed wall, a red shawl, would please him far more. At the same time he never complained of "the man" who had kept him in the dungeon; on the contrary, he was anxious to return to him, when the world burst upon him with its thousand new impressions, and produced that uneasiness of mind and melancholy, which are the cause of the consuming home-sickness of a Swiss when he descends from his high Alps, where he lives in the greatest simplicity. The first time that Caspar felt the great wrong committed against him by his barbarous keeper was when he beheld the starlight sky. It is the passage in the above-mentioned book relating to this fact to which our author probably alludes, in the words to which we have appended this note. We will extract it, for it seems to us of uncommon interest.

"It was in the month of August, 1829, when, on a fine summer evening, his instructor showed him for the first time the starry heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distin-

destruction ; the idea of the unknown deep is not connected with it.

We had Champagne with us, some fowl, and a *pâté de foies gras*, which tasted excellent on the ocean. In the afternoon we made signal

guished for their brightness, and observing the difference of their respective colours. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there ? who lights them ? who puts them out ?' When he was told that, like the sun with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again : 'Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light ?' At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. He (Caspar) had never done any harm. He then broke out into a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed ; and said, that the man with whom he had always been may now also be locked up for a few days, that he may learn to know how hard it is to be treated so. Before seeing this beautiful celestial display, Caspar had never shown any thing like indignation against that man ; and much less had he ever been willing to hear that he ought to be punished. Only weariness and slumber were able to quiet his sensations ; and he did not fall asleep—a thing that had never happened to him before—until it was about eleven o'clock."—EDITOR.

to our pilot-boat, and wished the traveller a happy passage. Two vessels came in with us, both laden with Irish emigrants. They seemed to be in great number, and some in a deplorable state.

They are strange people, these Irish. Hobbes is right, with regard to them at least, that warring is man's natural state. I have seen them here dispute at a game in the streets of the suburbs ; as if but a slight occasion had been wanting, and all the coats were ready pulled off, and both parties girded for the fight. The former inhabitants of two Irish counties, I forget their names, had a hard fight in the streets of Philadelphia ! A similar occurrence took place while I resided in Boston. If I were mayor, on such an occasion, I would let the fire-engines play upon them, and, a hundred to one, they would be cooled down and, perhaps, be ashamed of their brutal folly. But the worst affray I ever heard of is the following. I must send you the whole account, as I cut it out of the paper, because it shows man in a light in which neither you nor I had ever dreamt to see him.

“ DUBLIN, June 27.—One of the most sanguinary faction fights that ever disgraced this

unhappy country took place on Tuesday, at the races of Ballyheag, thirteen miles from Tralee, between two clans, the Cooleens and the Law-lors, who have been at feud above half a century, and still defy both the law and the gospel, in taking vengeance of each other, whenever opportunity offers, from generation to generation. Rumours of the intended fight having been in circulation for some days previous, and information having been given to the country magistrates, they applied to the officer commanding at Tralee, for a force sufficient to keep the peace at the races.

“Accordingly, on the day previous, (Monday,) a strong detachment of the 69th regiment, with three officers, marched from Tralee barracks to Ballheag, and on Tuesday took up a position on the race-ground, on the bank of the river Cashen, to be ready to interfere on the first symptoms of the expected riot. The two factions soon appeared on the ground, in great numbers, but remained quiet till the races were over, at three o'clock. Then the appointed battle began, in earnest, on the river strand, with sticks and stones. A gentleman who witnessed the combat describes it as one of the most savage and merciless scenes he ever wit-

nessed or could imagine to have taken place in a Christian country. The soldiers could do nothing to stem the torrent of fury and blows that raged on every side. At least, one thousand men were engaged, for, in addition to the resident parties, numbers came from miles around, to take part in the conflict, against men whom they had never seen before, all for the pleasure of a fight.

“ The Cooleens, it appears, received aid from the mountains of Ballylongford, and even some came to join them from the county of Limerick. Captain Hawson, of Ennismore, and other magistrates, present with the troops, caused the Riot Act to be read, but nobody would listen to it. The very women were occupied, supplying their friends, on both sides, with stones, which they carried in their aprons! The battle soon spread to such an extent, that neither the soldiers nor police could possibly interfere effectually to separate the parties. By the magistrates’ orders, they endeavoured to make individual prisoners, and, it appears, that about twenty were lodged in Listowell Bridewell, but were not permitted to fire a shot.—Indeed, the work of destruction was going on fast enough; no quarter was given, and ghastly wounds were

given both to those who fell and to those who stood up.

“At length, the Cooleens retreated to the river’s brink, where many were driven in and drowned. Several attempted to escape by swimming, but were still barbarously pelted by the victorious Lawlors. It was full tide, and two sand-boats on the shore were afloat, into which numbers of the defeated party crowded, and pushed off across the ferry, but, being overladen, they sank, and all on board perished. Four bodies were found next morning at the ferry, and twelve others, men and women, have since been taken up in other parts of the river. It is not yet accurately known how many have been sacrificed, either on shore or in the melancholy *noyades* that followed, but eight or ten lay dead on the strand of battle, at the northern side of the river, and their friends on the southern dared not venture across to remove them. It was expected that another savage conflict (of retaliation) would take place on Wednesday, when the last accounts came from Tralee.”

Oh, for the civilized Christians! A stag which fights with a stag follows the impetus of nature; a knight who “ran sharp,” did it to

show his skill and gallantry ; a robber may be driven by want, or, at least, by the passion of gain, bad and degenerated, yet originally natural ; but here—it is too disgusting.

When I arrived in town, as I had nothing else to do, I went to a bookseller's. Books interest me either by their intrinsic merit, or as pathological symptoms of the time. There is always something to be learned from them. If I am detained in a small place where I have no acquaintance, I invariably go to the booksellers, if there is one to be found. Booksellers, generally speaking, are, by their very trade, liberal-minded men, of a certain range of knowledge ; and from them you may often learn facts which may give you an insight into the disposition or state of society.

I found with the bibliopolist a new number of the Penny Magazine ; what a clever publication it is ! How my boy will rejoice at receiving this new number ! it is his best picture-book. If the editors would only be a little less insatiate of Gothic churches ! However, I am grateful to them, and many others with me. So is the Penny Cyclopædia a clever book. What mighty engines all these publications are ! Some people deride the propagation of knowledge, and the

idea of its want being felt by the labouring portion of the community. Let them smile, the world goes on in spite of them ; and, though a turn-out of London tailors, to enforce a claim for leisure to improve their minds, be foolish and a caricature, yet it is a sign of the time, as the caricatures of the time, properly taken, always are ; and I would rather have a tailor who wants to improve his mind than Parisian women, so ignorant that, in the time of the cholera, they believed in a universal poisoning, and brutally killed suspected persons with their own hands.

I have sometimes thought a very brief encyclopædia might be written — A Pocket Cyclopædia on a Hieroglyphic Plan. You have seen the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,\* in which the name of every French politician is given with as many vanes represented as he has undergone political metamorphoses. This plan can be expanded. Is it not significant enough if we

\* Dictionary of Vanes.—This work contains, besides the vanes or weather-cocks, indicative of the number of political changes of each individual, extracts of his speeches, manifestoes, &c., as proofs that the number of vanes is correct.—  
EDITOR.

say, A. B., a parson of three kettle-drums ; C. D., an orator of five whale-heads or jets d'eau ; E. F., a patriot of four sinecures ; G. H., an author of a single hand-organ, grinding the same tune over and over ; J. K., a publisher of six cider-presses ; L. M., a printer of a hundred blunderbusses ; or Talleyrand, a politician of ten fox-tails, as there are pachas of three horse-tails ? For some politicians, the hieroglyphic representation of their instability by means of vanes will not answer, were we to allow them a dozen. A top will express it more exactly, for it keeps constantly whirling. I mean politicians, whose model is a Cobbett, except that very few elevate themselves to his height, and show their arts without disguise ; whose conscience is like the moveable disk in a game of *roulette*, and whose politics are like a round-robin, turning to every side, but nowhere tangible. Nothing is stable in them, except their principle, which is to have none.

They change their politics, as Lipsius did his religion, almost as often as their shirt. They seem to have something of the nature of certain infusory animals — a rotary motion, and are yet, in other respects, similar to these animal-

cules. Throw the water of power upon the dregs of honesty and honour, and let them ferment in the sunshine of patronage, and you will call these vile creatures by thousands into existence — the viler the more closely you observe them.

I also found at the bookseller's a number of the Chinese Register, published in Canton. In this number was a review of an article on Canton, in the Encyclopædia Americana, which is founded on the German Conversations-Lexicon. What an intercourse, at present, exists between the different parts of the world !

I spoke of bad books as pathological symptoms of the time. I must send you the title of one, which, if it is no peculiar sign of "bad times," is, at all events, a pathological symptom of mankind. People love the horrid ; the poorer classes will flock to executions, and, to meet the appetite of the wealthier, the following advertisement was inserted in the London papers, at the time of the siege of Antwerp, in 1832 :—" The public are informed that places may be had at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, at Antwerp, for seeing the siege." The title of the book which I mentioned is this :

**"Cheapest and most popular Work ever published.**

THE  
**TERRIFIC REGISTER;**  
 OR,  
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 PROVIDENCES, AND CALAMITIES.

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 EXECUTIONS, and PERSECUTIONS, for CONSCIENCE' SAKE;  
 WELL AUTHENTICATED  
 STORIES OF APPARITIONS, and strange and fearful  
 SUPERSTITIONS, DISASTROUS ACCIDENTS;  
 PERILOUS ENTERPRISES, AND MIRACULOUS ESCAPES;  
 by Sea and Land;  
 AWFUL VISITATIONS, and singular INTERPOSITIONS;  
 Accounts of PLAGUE, FAMINE, FIRE, EARTHQUAKE,  
 AND OTHER SPECIAL CHASTISEMENTS OF PROVIDENCE.

**ALREADY IN HAND FOR THIS WORK,  
 UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS, &c."**

Horrid as this catalogue may be, who does not shudder more at the reader who *enjoys* all these horrors? And yet, in spite of its appealing to the worst cravings of a gross mind, I think, still worse is the "*Chronique du Crime et de l'Innocence, Recueil des Evenements les plus tragiques, Empoisonnements, Massacres, Assassinats, Parricides, et autres Forfaits; commis en France depuis le Commencement de la Monarchie jusqu' à nos jours;*"\* by Baron Lamothe Langon, reputed father of Memoirs of Madame du Barri, Louis XVIII., *Femme de Qualité*. Langon does not write for an entirely illiterate public. He knowingly and willingly strives to excite, in the very worst way, surfeited minds, while the Register is chiefly calculated for the uneducated, who, like children, have always a peculiar relish for the grotesque, wild, awful, overpowering, or gigantic.† But

\* Chronicle of Crime and Innocence; or Collection of the most tragic events, Poisonings, Massacres, Assassinations, Parricides, and other foul Deeds, from the Beginning of the Monarchy down to the present time.—EDITOR.

† The following notice, of the papers of 1833, may find a place here:

"*New Publications.*—The following works are announced

the most disgusting instance of the kind was afforded by the managers of a London theatre, when they informed the public that the murder of Thornton would be represented, and the very vehicle in which the murder was committed exhibited. And we pretend to be surprised at the pleasure the Romans took in the fights of gladiators !

The heat, when I returned home, was suffocating ; the contrast between the fresh sea-breeze and the dead heat of the city was immense. No stir in the heavy atmosphere, which made me feel as if lead had been cast upon me.

If we mention, in a letter, the time when we write it, I think we ought, likewise, to inform the person who is favoured with our communi-

as being for sale at Lemoine's, a Paris bookseller, in the Place Vendome :—

“ *Crimes of the Popes*, from *St. Peter* to *Pius VI.* inclusive.

“ *Crimes of the Kings of France*, from the commencement of the monarchy to *Charles X.*, inclusive.

“ *Crimes of the Queens of France*, from the commencement of the monarchy to *Marie Antoinette*, inclusive.”

The announcement is followed by the attractive puff, that these works were prohibited by the ex-government.—  
EDITOR.

cation, in what temperature it was written. If a friend write me amiably at  $10^{\circ}$  below, or write me at all at  $95^{\circ}$  above zero, I set him down as a friend I can depend upon. His friendship must be deeply seated, not to have frozen in the former case, and be firm as Antonio's, not to have melted away in the latter. If a man is kindly disposed on a day which makes bold to call itself a May day, but which must belong to some stray week, lost during winter, when the red nose gives the lie to the white pantaloons, as a friend of mine once said, and a longing for flannel seems to pervade all nature — if a man is good-natured on such a day, you may set him down for a saint or something very near it. Driness and moisture, cold and heat, are, at least, of as much importance to be known as the time, and the wearing of a watch forms altogether a very imperfect accomplishment. A pocket steel thermometer ought never to be wanting. Does not heat change every thing? dissolve all formality? Have I not met with a buck, this evening, who — all the year round, a dandy à *quatre épingle* — had left off his cravat? “A bare neck!” I exclaimed; “Oh!” was all he uttered, with

eyes half closed and mouth half open, fanning all the time with a languid motion of his hand.

From the great effect which I found that this unusual heat exercises upon individuals, I have learned to understand, with greater clearness, the causes of several phenomena in the private life as well as in the history of Asiatic nations, nor has it passed without giving me a lesson, important to me, with regard to literature. It proved to me once more the great excellence of Shakspeare. He stood the fire. When, in the evening, I was nearly exhausted and had tried one book after another, grave, satirical, or humourous; *La Secchia rapita*, or Camoens, and nothing would do, when no book I opened would interest my mind, I resorted, at last, again to Shakspeare. I opened the volume at random: he never deceives me. In him is a life which communicates itself with electric rapidity to every thinking soul. He, who has accompanied me on land and sea, in camp and prison, who has often delighted me by the fire-side, became now also my comfort in this suffocating heat. He who instructs, cheers, and saddens you, when you read him, is ever ready to your mind, in whatever situation you may

be placed, whatever event may occur to you, or with whatever character, high or low, exalted or sensual, you may meet. He is like the statue of Memnon, which sounded of itself at sunrise and at sunset; so he finds within you an echo, whether the star of your hope or the sun of your success rise or sink.

Shakspeare, I think, may now certainly be called nearly as much a national poet with the Germans as he is with the English; nay, it would be a question whether he be not actually held in higher esteem at present by the Germans. The English have not yet entirely got over their period of French notions in regard to taste. I cannot follow Schlegel in all his admiration of this most gifted of all sons of Apollo, nor Mrs. Jamieson. They find beauties and deep designs where there are to me none. Shakspeare's beauties, like some designs of Raphael, are sometimes the overflowings of genius; but I believe him, nevertheless, as great as they do.

The English seem very generally to have committed the mistake of considering Shakspeare as a mere genius, powerful and gigantic indeed, but without much reflection on his own

works, or any wise arrangements of his own dramatic plans. This mistake has produced a great effect upon their literature : they allowed, for a long time, Shakspeare to stand alone, and followed French correctness, so called.

The Germans, on the other hand, now often strive to find plan and well-devised beauty in every part ; even in those places where sober reflection would consider admiration too great a stretch of our love for the poet. I cannot find any thing so enormously elevated in *Isabella*, or such peculiar wisdom in the devising of her character, as Schlegel does ; nor would, in all probability, Shakspeare himself, were he alive, tell us that he did. So there are, undoubtedly, deficiencies in him. But was he a god, and could he be perfect ? His deficiencies, however, are but like the momentary derangement of his drapery, when his steed carries him rapidly through the highest regions. But never would I call him incorrect in his plans, as Blair wrote—"Shakspeare, a great, but incorrect genius." Some of his pieces may not be well suited to our imagination in every detail, if they come to be represented, but this has nothing to do with the poet, or the true

merit of his works. His pieces were to be represented in his time ; and whatever is called into existence in this world, must assume a form, which form is subject to changes. My opinion is not influenced by the rule which the French believe to have found in Aristotle, and which has forced their dramatic poets into absurdities, such as you find none in Shakspeare.

Shakspeare, to use an unpoetic comparison of a poet, takes the whole human life like a lemon, presses out the juice and essence, and throws away the pulp. In him all is truth—deep, great, essential truth ; but, if you wish for reality, why, you must go to the market, or to the courts, and patiently wait five years for the denouement of an intricate affair. The French classical dramatists give you neither truth nor reality. Their greatest conspiracies, which change the fate of a whole dynasty, are begun and terminated within one day, during which time, the most designing statesmen are won over, the conspiracies going on all the time in public places—why ? because it is much more natural, say they, that the authorities of the state should be stock-blind, than that the spectator should allow that there, where every

thing is unnatural—from the lamp-daylight to the actor, who needs must turn to the audience in order to be understood—a change of the scenery is admissible, or that between the acts, which again are unnatural, a longer time than ten minutes can be imagined to elapse.

It must be owned, however, that the English are returning to a better judgment; and soon, it is to be hoped, will treat a Tate as persons who mutilate statues and other works of art are treated in all countries. That spirits cannot return is proved to me by nothing so much as by the fact, that Shakspeare and Mozart have never appeared to Tate and Bishop.

The Germans approach the works of this great philosopher, lofty historian, and powerful poet, with a devotion which strives but to enter deeper and deeper into his vast designs and immortal beauties, while the English, as yet, allow the Pegasus, which he rode more masterly than all, to appear before them only after the noble animal has been maimed and hamstrung. May Mrs. Jamieson find many ardent followers! Shakspeare is as important to the English or ourselves as the greatest of our warriors or legislators.

## LETTER X.

Major Jack Downing's Letters — Authorship of Junius — Yankee Dialect — Cape Horn — American Steamboat — Newspapers — Animated Scene — Steamboats on the Hudson — Ladies in Mourning — A Type Merchant — The Rhine and the Hudson — Quick Eating — Music at Banquets — Washington Irving — Literary Originality not common in America — Causes of this — Prison of Singsing — Frequent Inconsistency between Names and Things — Contretemps in Travelling — Reception on the Wharf in Albany.

I SEND you to-day some of Major Jack Downing's Letters, which will amuse you, though some of their allusions may be unintelligible to a foreigner. As soon as a collection of them is published I will send you a copy. The interest of these letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unfrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them, partly in

the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the Letters, partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the major tell long stories of what happened between him and the president, the vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens ; and, again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the president, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the president has wantonly *disenchanted* the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat at Baylen :—“*Il a désenchanté l'armée.*”

With you, on the other side of the water, people would have no doubt that the whole vessel of the state must founder, if the highest magistrate and the most prominent men are handled with such bold familiarity. Here people think differently. The president signs himself in a letter to the butchers of New York, who had sent him a peculiarly fine piece of beef, or to a hat-maker, who presented him

with some broad-brimmed beaver, “Your humble servant,” and the law is yet observed.

Downing’s Letters cannot be compared to those of Junius, which are altogether of a higher cast. With Junius there was real danger ; hence the necessity of secrecy, which lends no inconsiderable charm to his letters. Have you ever seen a work—“Letters on Junius, by Newell, Boston, 1831.” The author is a merchant in Salem, and curious enough it would be, if a “cute” Salem merchant should have penetrated the secret. He ascribes their authorship to Lord Temple, and makes out his case pretty well. This is, however, not the only American work on the authorship of these famous productions. The game of Junius is high : his venom is deadly ; in the house of lords and commons his name has been uttered : his letters were written for the highest in the nation. Downing’s, on the other hand, are for all : they amuse some, instruct others. They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given way, as all provincial languages in time do ; and in fact, they are now of interest to the student,

unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England,—and a little glossary ought to be attached to them when they are collected together.\* I have heard, however, some true blue Yankees assert, that Downing does not write classical Yankee ; but where is the Tuscan Yankee spoken ? The Connecticut idiom is very different from that of Boston or New Hampshire. I once heard two Mecklenburghers earnestly dispute on the question whether a purer Low-German is spoken in Strelitz or Schwerin. However, this is not quite the same ; because Low-German is a decided dialect, with a different grammar, &c., while Yankee consists much more in some peculiar words, or words used in a peculiar sense, and in the peculiar mode of expression, in strange metaphors, &c.,—in fact, it consists as much in thought and pronunciation as in words ; and is, therefore, in this respect, to be compared rather to the language of the common people in

\* The Letters of both the Jack Downings (the major is not the only mythological person, of whom there are two editions ; there are two Bacchuses, two Venuses, &c.,) have been separately published since the author wrote the above, yet no glossary has been appended to them.—EDITOR.

Berlin. But the latter never failed to disgust me, while the former may be very amusing.

Some of Downing's illustrations are capital, at which nobody, of whatever party he may be, can help smiling ; and though he leans strongly to one side of the question, yet he now and then gives his own party some smart hits. Sometimes he wanders in allegories—the most dangerous things to meddle with. But that many of the letters are well written is proved by their great popularity. I am surprised that no review has yet taken them up. They afford opportunity for an instructive and sprightly article on the various jargons, and at the same time, some single books which have exercised a great influence in politics, such as Junius, the *Compte Rendu* of Necker, &c.

Did we live in ancient times, Jack Downing, being a mysterious person, would, without question, gradually grow to a mythological personage—a *heros* : gods may have sometimes become such by strange processes. I was reading, shortly ago, with what great fear the crew of Captain Kotzebue's vessel, when he circum-navigated the world the second time, made their first approach to Cape Horn, and how,

when they had passed it, the poor Russian tars were so rejoiced, that *ex tempore* creating a deity of this Cape, they represented god Horn in the act of paying particular respect to the Muscovite flag. It would do the Captain and his crew good to know how entirely the terrors of this Cape are lost on our whalers, who think no more of weathering it than Cape Cod ; and prefer it much to the tedious passage through the straits of Magellan.

Children, illiterate people, and nations in their earliest stages, are constantly impelled by a desire to personify, to make the abstract, or invisible, concrete and palpable. This celebration of the Russian sailors, though but in sport, affords, nevertheless, an exhibition of this natural desire. Had it happened in earlier ages, we should soon have had sacrifices offered to win the good graces of the jealous god Horn, whose symbol might have been a large horn, out of which he blew the gales which harass the circumnavigators of the Cape, or who might have been represented with a huge horn on his forehead, to buffet the vessels ; and a Creutzer, after two thousand years, might have tried his ingenuity on the “symbolics,” of this *mythos*.

The name Cape Horn itself is one of the many thousand instances of the facility with which the illiterate mould and change things to make them fitted to their capacity. The Cape was discovered by Lemaire and Schouten, and called Cape Hoorn, in honour of the city of Hoorn, not far from the Texel, where their expedition had been fitted out. The English sailor changed the name into Horn, a good name for any cape, and for this *par excellence*.

Imagine me now going on board a steam-boat, plying between New York and Albany, those refined floating hotels and swift couriers on the Hudson, which in respect to arts, one might say fine arts, are the most striking objects which this country presents to a foreigner. It is a fact, that the Americans, these enthusiastic utilitarians, to venture a bull, lavish an elegance upon these steamboats, which would be unaccountable, were we not acquainted with the powerful effect of competition.

“Sir, the Courier and Inquirer! Latest news from Europe, Sir,” says a little fellow, approaching you with a bundle of that paper, in some street not far from the steamboat-landing. “The Standard, sir! A Jackson paper; the latest

news from Washington," calls another, concluding, from your refusal of the Courier, that you are a friend to the administration. "Le Blanc's trial and conviction for murder, sir," calls another; "A revolution in Paris," says his opponent; and the nearer you approach, the more these officious messengers of the events and gossip of two hemispheres thicken around you.—"The Daily Advertiser!" exclaims one; "The Gazette!" says another; "The Advocate!" a third; "There is a letter of Jack Downing in to-day," says again the spokesman of the Daily Advertiser. A great fire in Charleston," says his competitor; "The total loss of the ship Raleigh," utters another news-pedlar; "The Temperance Recorder!" and a quarto paper is held out to you; "The Anti-Masonic—" what? "Oranges Sir," asks a man, pushing through the crowd of urchins and lads. "I want nothing but to be left alone."—"Very well, sir."—

The steam begins to whistle with its sharp noise, an overmatch to every other sound, except the similar cutting tone of escaping steam from the pipes of opposition boats. The vessel, yet fastened to the pier, moves

forward and backward, like an impatient horse, dashing the water against the side of the wharf; the loud bell rings over your head; the opposition boats ring their bells, too; ladies and gentlemen, with their children, rush in over the narrow bridge, which connects the boat with the land, together with pushing porters and searching friends; trunks float over your head, veils fly by your face, canes threaten your eyes, carpet-bags knock you right and left, wheelbarrows endanger your toes and shins. The single strokes are tolling; the opposition toll their single strokes too; late comers hasten from the different streets, puffing and blowing; hackney coaches rattle from all directions; — some people call from the wharves, some leap on board, and climb over the railing; the boat moves more unruly to and fro;—a bundle of tracts is thrown to you: “Please, sir, distribute them;” a baby with a cap of sky blue sarsnet, silver tassels, and yellow feathers, is yet handed over to a red-faced, panting Irish woman, with a bonnet of contrasting colours, and—some people remain disappointed on shore, looking, with an angry face, after the boat, because a single second

costs them twelve hours, perhaps, twenty-four. The shrill steam ceases—the boat moves on. Some bundles and valises are yet thrown from the wharf; one falls into the water—never mind, the boat cannot stop. Presently, a second boat darts from between two other piers, the dangerous race begins, and now the American feels comfortable. —— Another bell! “ Passengers who have not paid their passage, please to step to the captain’s office !” Another rush, another squeeze; oh, for the everlasting troubles in this life !

Since I have been in this country, the size and general arrangement of these boats have been greatly improved, much as I admired them, when I first arrived. The same is the case with the packets to Liverpool and Havre. I lately visited one of these stately vessels, and was struck with the improvements, in respect to the vessel itself, as well as to the comfort and elegance of the accommodations for the passengers, though the vessel in which I came from England was then, and justly so, considered a model of a fine ship, and of a comfortable and elegant packet. These packets between the two worlds belong to a branch

of statistics, important for the correct understanding of the history of our times.

The large steamboats on the Hudson have a room exclusively devoted to the use of the ladies, where they may lie down or arrange their dress; adjoining is a parlour for ladies and gentlemen; so that the different members of a family may see each other below deck, and yet the ladies need not go into the common room for gentlemen, nor need the latter enter the lady's cabin proper. The next room is the long cabin, which serves as a dining saloon, and, during the time between the meals, is used by the gentlemen. There is, besides, at the fore end of the boat, a separate "bar-room," where refreshments may be had, books may be borrowed, and maps and guide-books may be bought. In all rooms, except the last, you find fine carpets and tasteful silk curtains. The deck is shaded by a wooden roof, on which itself you can walk, under an awning of sail-cloth. Smoking is permitted only on the fore-deck, and I was struck with the activity of two men, who were here engaged in removing the moist traces of smoking and chewing, as soon as a passenger had taken

the liberty to make the fore-deck his spitting-box. Strange, that one half of mankind should be so cleanly as to require the services of two men to be constantly employed in removing an object of disgust, which the other half is, nevertheless, dirty enough to throw into their way, and not sufficiently civil to take the very modest and practical hint thus given them.

A number of ladies in mourning were, as usual, on board. In England and here, mourning dress is carried to excess. A traveller, from the European continent, is surprised at seeing so many people dressed in black in both these countries. I met, one day, a lady of my acquaintance, in Rockaway, a village on the sea-shore, not far from New York. She was in mourning; she told me the reason of her sombre dress; some distant relation had died. "But," said I, "I saw you in mourning half a year ago: for whom was that?" "We were then in mourning for—Mary, my dear," turning to her sister, "for whom were we in mourning then?" You may easily imagine that the effect of this *naïveté* upon the whole circle was opposite to the lugubrious.

A proper regard for departed friends, shown

by external signs, is, undoubtedly, becoming for a civilized man, and agrees with our feelings. But if mourning is carried to such an extent as in England and the United States, it has no more meaning than the going into mourning of a court, ordered by the high-chamberlain, for some prince or princess of a distant dynasty, to which the mourners are not farther related than by the use of the word cousin between ruling heads. Besides, it causes a state of things which may seriously interfere with the whole life of an individual. A female is born to be married, marriage requires previous acquaintance, and, as things now stand, acquaintance cannot, generally, take place without social intercourse; mourning, however, throws a young lady out of society. I have known families in which young ladies continued to wear mourning for some very distant cousins, from their seventeenth year to their twenty-first: a very serious affair in a country where ladies cease much earlier to be considered as floating on the full tide of marriagebleness than in other parts of the world. Some avoid this inconvenience by going to balls in semi-mourning, which never

fails to make on me a very unpleasant impression. There is a mockery in such a contrast, which shows too plainly—I mourn, but I grieve not. I think the Germans and French are more rational in regard to the wearing of mourning.

On board of these steamboats, between New York and Albany, and New York and Philadelphia, there is generally a man with a case of types, offering them for sale to passengers, who are desirous of printing their names, with indelible ink, on their wearing apparel. I remember, when I saw, a number of years ago, the first man who carried on this novel branch of industry. It is clear that these types cannot be of use to any one; yet, standing not far from the man with his box, I observed how the principle so universally spread, of self-love or self-consideration, united with the leisure of every passenger on board a steamboat, and his eagerness to seize upon any thing which will give some occupation to his mind, induced a number of people to buy what at first they universally took into their hands with the expression of, “Well, what nonsense is this?” A farmer would approach,

and, as an American takes every thing in his hand, and views it on all sides, whether it belong to him or not, he would take up one of the names already composed, and placed in a little tin case, in which the letters were kept together by a screw. Presently, the vender of the types would come and explain the great advantages of being able to print one's own name on linen, in books, &c. Great doubt is, meanwhile, expressed on the visage of him who handles the types. "What's your name, sir? you need not buy it, just tell me your name." The goddess Suada, the protectress of all shopkeepers, assists, and the name of the hesitating farmer is given. With the swiftness of the best compositor, it is put in type—it is printed—"There, sir, your whole name, and I add the surnames for nothing, sir, however long they may be; don't it look fine? You'd better take it." It is, perhaps, the first time our farmer has seen his name in print, and all over the world there is something flattering in this. I know that criminals, sentenced to die, will often find some satisfaction in the assurance that their whole process will be printed. The love of author-

ship is universal; it is as active in kings as in the secretary of the smallest town meeting, who sends his report to the county-paper.

By degrees, the farmer pulls out his quarter of a dollar, receives his name, puts it in his pocket, and—half ashamed—retires. Another has already begun to handle other types, to go through the same psychological process, founded upon some of the original principles of the human soul, and, therefore, is sure to produce the same result. After about half a dozen persons had thus been rendered happy by the contemplation of their own names, I stepped up to the seller of types, and, perceiving that his dialect was foreign, addressed him in French. In French, still worse than his English, this peddling disciple of Guttenberg told me, that he was a Dutchman; he was actually a Jew of Holland. I tried German; he spoke it. I now expressed my surprise at his success; but he assured me, that he had carried on his lucrative trade in battered types, for several years, every day going up the river, half the way to Albany, and returning, by another boat, the same day to New York. I freely acquainted him

with my disbelief in the utility of these types to any one who had bought them. "They can't do any thing with them," he said. "But how is it," I replied, "that people, notwithstanding, continue to buy, since you tell me that you have been in this line for several years?"—Shrugging his shoulders, he answered, "Why, sir, fools there are going, and fools there are coming, and there will always be fools enough to buy."—"If it is so," said I, "no baker's business is founded upon surer principles."

These, as I have given them, are the *ipsissima verba* of the type-seller, and it is, perhaps, not quite fair in me, that I thus expose the secret of his trade; but considering that, so far from declining, a great competition exists already in this sure-footed commerce, my revealing of its secret will, probably, produce little harm. That the boxes of these philosophical tradesmen should be decorated with great emblems and mottoes, such as "The Free Press, the Palladium of Liberty," or "Every Man's own Press," is a matter of course. Go through the world, and you will find that every trade, which is founded upon

some simple principle of the body or mind, such as appetite, vanity, hatred, or laziness, is sure to flourish. All the world over, much money is made by menageries, chiefly because, as Goethe says, it is so sweet to read, in the weekly paper, on Sunday morning, in all comfort and ease, of some bloody battles against the Turks, afar off. It is so nice to see a grim tiger behind a safe grate.

“ Do you think it as fine as the Rhine?”—“ What, sir?”—“ The Hudson.”—I am unable to compare two things totally different, and besides I am a great enemy to odious comparisons—the ingenuity of little minds. Dante has never gained by being compared to Homer, or Vondel to Shakspeare. What is great stands by itself, and has its character within itself, or it is not great, and on the other hand, when the small is to be compared to the great, it is not difficult to say which will be the loser by the comparison. When you enjoy on a hot day a glass of cool sparkling cider of the best kind, and an officious acquaintance of yours, seeing the praise of the liquid in the expression of your face, asks you: “ Now, tell me, is not it equal to any Champagne ?” the taste is gone at once.

The Rhine descends from the lofty Alps, where he takes leave from his twin-brother, the Rhone, and after a course of nine hundred miles through many most romantic countries, loses in beauty on a nearer approach to the sea, until at length, his way lies through flat prose (as some illustrious dynasties end) and he empties his volumes into the ocean. The Hudson, coming from an uninteresting country, increases in beauty in its comparatively short course, the nearer it rolls toward the Atlantic, until the last sixty miles of its course equal in grandeur any object of nature. Its peaks and basaltic walls, its precipices and lofty crags, and its vast sheet of water, as seen from the height of Singsing, are perhaps unequalled by any thing the Rhine can offer to the beholder. Where the Hudson is beautiful nature has done more for it than for the Rhine, which history and art have ennobled beyond any other river in the world. If Flanders be (according to Sterne,) the great prize fighting stage of Europe—Saxony is then at least the first cock-pit—it is the Rhine, on whose bosom sails the History of the European Continent. From the wars of Cæsar, and the first vine

which the Roman colonist planted on its bank, down to Blucher's bold passage of the river at Caub, on new year's night, of 1814, and the pictures sent forth from Düsseldorf\*—what battles, conflicts, councils, what activity in destruction and civilization, in science, in war, in commerce, and the arts, elections and coronations, what changes of governments are we not reminded of, in passing along the Rhine? How many legends are told of the bold castles perched on its high peaks! How lovely are the green vineyards between its shaggy rocks, and how noble the minsters of Cologne, and Strasburg, and Worms! The ancient cities on its banks and in its neighbourhood, the strong fastnesses raised by human hands, and the striking proofs of man's perseverance, which effects its results on a spot,

\* In many parts of Germany, prevails, at present, the greatest activity in the fine arts, extending through all classes of society. While in Munich palaces are raised to gain room for fresco paintings, the effect of a high elevation of taste is seen in many manufactured articles or trifles, calculated for common comfort or domestic ornament. In Prussia, it would seem, that sculpture has attained a far higher degree in Berlin than painting, while the academy at Düsseldorf, lately re-established, excels in the latter art.—*EDITOR.*

susceptible of any cultivation only by dint of continual and ever-varying interest to the traveller, who no where in the world finds the most laborious exertion, are objects of more delight to him in going on foot and passing from village to village, than along and near the banks of the Rhine.

If the Hudson is grander in those parts where it is grand at all,—the neighborhood of the Taunus, the Vosges, the heights at Heidelberg, from whence you look into the valley of the Rhine, as Moses must have gazed from his height into the promised land, and many other spots and places, are much more interesting. Frankfort, so near to the Rhine, is important to many with regard to history, but interesting to all, on account of its forming the crossing point of the travellers of all nations. Here the Russian passes through if he goes to Paris, the Parisian proceeding to Vienna, the Englishman journeying to Italy, the Italian travelling to London. And then the many watering places, which collect people, making for a time enjoyment their business, from all quarters of the globe. I have expressed my admiration of the Rhine somewhere else, and I will copy the passage.

“There are rivers, whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost every thing that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming, in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of the wars and negotiations of modern times, of the coronations of emperors, whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forests, fertile plains; vineyards, sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty crags, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are con-

nected; with beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river, whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of nine hundred miles, affords six hundred and thirty miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Bâsle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are all famous as the seats of Roman colonies, and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in the history of mankind;—such a river, it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a kind of reverence, and frequently call in poetry *Father, or King Rhine.*”

The Hudson has more of a marine character; Tappan-Sea and Haverstaw-Bay, notwithstanding their inland situation, have really the character of bays; the many square-rigged vessels may contribute to give it this appearance. I consider the view of the last fifteen miles of the river to be more beautiful when you sail down; but above, the view is,

perhaps, more beautiful to the traveller who is sailing up. You can hardly imagine a nobler sight on earth than that which you may enjoy, for twelve cents, by taking passage in the Manhattanville steamboat, and sailing down the river. Its eastern bank, whose scenery partakes of the gentle cast, is studded with neat and comfortable looking houses, peeping out of the thick and rich foliage ; the western bank, bolder, grander, and more variegated in its form, is covered with equally rich foliage, though interrupted now and then by a rock, projecting over a picturesque winding path. As you approach nearer to the city, you can perceive vessels lying in the river, already widening like a land-locked bay ; the eastern bank becomes more and more covered with houses, until at last you glide along a forest of masts, and presently are landed in the midst of noise and bustle.

Hardly less imposing is the view up the river, on some parts of it. There are points on shore from which most magnificent vistas open themselves. I lived one summer in Manhattanville near the river, and often enjoyed the superb view from the top of one of

my cherry trees, of a height of which I have seen specimens here only, up the river toward Tappan Sea. Opposite was Fort Lea, where that singular and imposing wall of dark trap begins, which rising perpendicularly several hundred feet high, accompanies, for about twenty miles, the Hudson so closely, that sometimes the broken pieces which have tumbled from the steep heights have hardly found a resting place between the water and these rocks,—justly called the Palisadoes. They form a fine contrast to the opposite scenery, variegated by hill and dale, by cultivated fields and thick woods. At a distance, a great sheet of water might be seen extending far up to the border of the rising shores near Singsing. I have added this point to my list of beautiful or instructive and impressive vistas, over which I have only to cast a glance in order to be brought back to many of the most interesting spots in the world. I have found a list of this kind to be a very useful complement to a journal ; to me it has become indispensable.

It has been often observed that Americans eat quickly, and devour instead of dining. I

subscribe to this with respect to all the classes busily engaged in any occupation of industry, and in the case of nearly all public houses, steamboats, &c. I do not wish to detain you with an enquiry into the probable causes of this rapidity in eating, the connexion of which, with other national traits, can, in my opinion, be satisfactorily traced ; nor into its probable effects, such as a universal tendency to indigestion ; which, however, stands undoubtedly in some connexion also with the many sudden and violent changes of weather which we have to endure. But I will mention one fact which, singular as it is, I have observed so often, that I think I can rely on its truth. It is well known how intimately all our senses are connected with each other, and how much the sense of hearing affects that of taste. If a person be desirous of tasting something very delicate, or to find out some ingredient of a mixture by taste, he either shuts his eyes, or looks vaguely into the air ; and, if there be much noise in the room, says, “ Be quiet for a moment.” It would require considerable time to accustom one’s self to taste with fine discrimination, surrounded by a great noise.

No chemist, in a situation of this kind, would trust his taste in a scientific and delicate inquiry. Hence it is so absurd to have Turkish music during dinner, if the host gives something exquisite ; if he give poor or common fare, the more noise the better. Soft and very harmonious music might, perhaps, not interfere with a connoisseur's silent meditation upon the delicate *bouquet* of prime Latour or Margaux, or the delights of a savoury and juicy snipe. But the music ought not to be so good as to draw the attention from the primary object of a *diner choisi* ; for it is impossible to have two ideas, or the clear consciousness of two distinctly different sensations at once. You will not be surprised, then, if I tell you that I have always found the people on board a steamboat to eat faster, the faster the machine goes. If the boat stop during dinner, the rattling of knives and forks abates ; not only because a few inquire at what landing place the boat is, (for people who pay no attention to the place where the boat happens to be, but continue to occupy themselves with the dinner, unconsciously relax in their exertions;) but also, and principally, because the

engine slackens its pace. As soon as the piston resumes its activity, the clattering of plates and clanking of knives, recommences in all its vigour. The engine produces the sensation of quickness and bustle upon the mind, which, with this general impression on the sensorium, cannot avoid imparting it to the nerves of the hands and the lower jaw.

If, as I have no doubt, the velocity with which every thing around us proceeds influences our whole disposition, I am sure the inhabitants of Mercury, which moves at the rate of three hundred and fifteen miles in a second, must dine so quickly, that a Yankee would be considered, with them, an old English country gentleman ; and perhaps they restore the depositories, before they are removed : at all events, they would not have talked about it half a year,—while, on the other hand, a senator, haranguing against the bank of Uranus, would begin his speech in the year 1800, and, on new-year's day of 1900, would be just saying, “ One word more, Mr. President, and I have done.”

About twenty-five miles from New-York, you pass Tarry-town, where Mr. Irving has

bought a house, to spend his summers. I am glad to see that Mr. Irving has become, one might say, a national writer, with the Germans. I believe his works are nearly as much known in Germany as here, and not only by translations. Why is it that the Americans have so few writers like Irving, so few who show an inventive talent and independent character of their own? There are numerous reasons, which it would take me more time to enumerate, than you would be willing to grant me. Some of the most important, in my opinion, are the vastness of the country, which gives indeed, to many a field of laborious enterprise and occupation; but it necessarily induces also the population to scatter over vast extents, which renders the whole book trade very difficult and different from what it is in central Europe, or England, France, and Germany. Our "enterprising publishers" have it not in their power to "encourage" authors so "liberally" as a Paris or London Murray can do. Then there is before them a whole nation, having a long start ahead, which speaks the same language, and in which a whole literature has already gone through all the successive

stages of its development. Originality, therefore, comes more difficult to Americans than perhaps to any other people. None was ever before placed in the same situation with regard to this point.

Besides, nations are like individuals ; they cannot do every thing at the same time. The Germans did not at once fight the pope, fathom the depths of philosophy, bid the sun stand still and the earth march, send Humboldt to South America, compose *Don Juan*, and produce *Faust*. The constitution of the United States is a charter which requires much and a gradual development—enough to occupy whole generations. For the present, the two great objects which engage the main activity of the nation, are material and mechanical improvement, (in which I include the obtaining of capital,) and the development of politics. It is a young country, placed in a very peculiar situation, by the side of the most civilized and oldest nations, and, therefore, has to direct at once its attention to a thousand things more directly connected with the well-being of society, than polite literature, or the fine arts. The United States have, in some respects, to intro-

duce, sow, plant, and raise what other nations gained slowly in the course of centuries.

These are some of the reasons; the facts cannot be denied. Poland rose and sank, and not a chord of that lyre was touched, which before all others should have been expected to sound, in praise or sympathy, with that struggle for independence. Nor can there be, at present, any disposition for satire, which it would be supposed party virulence, if no other cause would call forth; for Governor Hamilton gave to Ensign Frost the holy banner of nullification, with the words—"Take Ensign Frost, &c." without inducing a single rhymer to dress up the account, as given by the papers, in a few verses; and nothing more would have been requisite to make it a satire nearly as bitter, as the lashing lays of Hipponax.\*

How many songs of praise or of keen reproach would not, with other nations, all the elections produce, were they carried on with the same universal interest as here. Though but few citizens can take a personal part in

\* Not quite so bad! Hipponax lashed Buphalus and Anthermus, with so bitter satires that they hung themselves.  
—EDITOR.

French elections, none passes without bringing forth some smart poetry. But, again, it may be very well that it is so. Certainly it is connected with that soberness so important to the whole political fabric of America. Had the Americans more readiness to enjoy a biting sarcasm, or *plaisanterie*, and not to let them roll off like water from a duck's wing, they would also have to suffer from this agility of mind the same which the French have suffered, with whom a piercing remark has gone often much farther than plain truth, and who, not unfrequently, have believed that a whole philosophical system or an institution might be proved to be false, and prostrated by a single conceit.

I think the English parliament keep, in this respect, a wise and agreeable mean between the French and the Americans. There is much more *fun* in their parliament than in the American congress, and,—which is, in fact, necessary to produce this state of things,—a member of parliament is much surer that something smart or witty will be relished, than a member of congress. For attacks in parliament, if of a humorous kind, are received with more good nature, or, at least, more as they

ought to be, as the attacks of wit and humour, than in congress, where every thing is taken as mere downright, plodding politics.

A few miles above Tarrytown, (where it will not require much persuasion by the inhabitants to make a stranger act as the name of the place requires, since the historian of Columbus lives there,) lies the state prison, which, call it Singsing or Mount Pleasant, is in direct contradiction to its name. Instead of Singsing, it ought to be called *Hush-Hush*; or, we might borrow, for this place, the poetic name of the Turks for their church-yards, and call it the City of Silence. But, according to the exquisite American taste in making geographical names, Mumville, I dare say, would be preferred.\* The inmates of this dumb abode,

\* Some readers may not understand the allusion of the author without being informed that there is at Singsing one of the state prisons of the State of New York. There are from eight hundred to a thousand convicts in this penitentiary, founded upon the Auburn plan, the chief characteristics of which are, that the prisoner is bound to perpetual silence as long as he continues to be an inmate of the penitentiary, and that he sleeps in a solitary cell. The Pennsylvania Penitentiary system is founded on perpetual seclusion. In both the prisoner is constantly engaged in labour.—EDITOR.

probably, do not cherish it by the name of Mount Pleasant, though I must testify to the truth of this name, as the view from the spot. Close to the prison, on the top of a hill, opens a prospect of great beauty. The wide waters of the Hudson, the high and steep bank of the opposite shore, and the distant view along the river—the many objects of nature before you, all testifying to her power and greatness, contrast strangely with the prison beneath ; with its straight walls and many uniform and narrow window holes, built for men who have forfeited their liberty. Here is a spot where, in olden times, a convent would have been built. The finest spots, and very properly so, were always selected for the erection of convents.

Names often play cruel tricks upon men and things, and sometimes men upon their names. To meet a plain, cross, and unamiable Laura is very common. I saw lately a Porcia, ah, such a Porcia ! But there are contrasts more striking than these. The arch-villain Oates was called Titus, as his crowned kinsman in disposition, Louis XI, was the first French monarch who called himself Most Christian

Majesty ; for the same reason, probably, that the inquisition, unholy if ever any thing was so, was called the Holy Office. Thus, the name of the assassin of Henry III. was Clement, and Tiberius's name was Gracchus ; and there is Archbishop Laud, never to be sufficiently lauded. There have been many guilty Innocents. But we should find no end to the list of these beliers of their own names. The dirk by which the French knight gave the final coup, was called *misericorde*, (the coup itself, *coup de grace*,) and the drop in ancient castles, by which people were "eliminated," as the phrase was in the French revolution, went by the neat little name of *oubliette* ; as if the horrors of the living grave beneath were but like a dram of Lethe. Cannons, formerly used in mountainous countries and drawn by men, were styled *amusettes*—very pleasant toys ! So is a brook, near the Trasimene lake, which drank human blood in such full and deep draughts, now called *Sanguinetto*,\* blood-kin, to translate it literally, or Little Blood ; while Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, who fled three times from his capital and the main

\* Near Ossaja (Bone-field.)—EDITOR.

part of his kingdom, is called *Invictus*, on the pedestal of his statue, in the *Studj*. There is in congress a Judge Cage, and I saw lately in the papers that a Mr. Lawless had been appointed judge ; now suppose Judges Lawless and Cage form the bench, and I ask any honest man whether he would not feel inclined to challenge the bench instead of the jury. A Doctor Physick or Lieutenant Drummer, as there was one of this name in the Literary Convention in New York, from West Point, are correct, but sometimes names are cruelly true ; for example, the brig which carried Napoleon from Elba was called *The Inconstant*. Seldom does the name happen to hit so well, as when Napoleon presented Marshal Kellermann\* with Johannisberg. That Mount Auburn, the resting place of the Bostonians, is so called, is somewhat bitter ; as the entombed are certainly subject to silence and solitary confinement, though the comparison with the Auburn system cannot be carried any farther. The most shocking contrast between name and

\* *Kellermann* would be translated Cellar-man, and Johannisberg produces the best Hock.—EDITOR.

person, of which I know, is offered in the case of the woman who poisoned more than thirty individuals, and whose name was Gottfried.\*

When our boat approached Newburg, a town on the right bank of the Hudson, a farmer, with whom I had entered into conversation, told me that, the day before, he went from Albany down the river. His family lives in Newburg, and he came from the west to see them, after an absence of five years. Shortly before the boat arrived at the place of his destination, he fell asleep, as is often the case with members of the industrial classes on board these boats, owing to the uniform motion and the want of physical occupation. When he awoke, he found that the boat had passed the place. "I said nothing," he said to me with a shrewd look, "paid my passage on to New York, and shall say nothing to my folks here. Only they will wonder where I come from at this time of the day." But this is not quite so bad as the fate of the poor old quaker lady who was desirous of going to a place mid-way between London and Man-

\* Peace in God. She was executed in Bremen.—EDITOR

chester. She took a seat in the mail-coach, in London ; when she had arrived at the place of her destination, she began to collect her bag, handkerchief, parasol, shawl — “ All right ! ” said the guard, dashing the door to, and on the poor woman was carried to Manchester. She was obliged to return, but before she could get out of the coach, though she tried this time to be much quicker, the mail-coach started again for London, before she could manage to get out. It is said that she floated for three whole months, in this state of painful suspense, between the metropolis and Manchester.

On the wharf, in Albany, we were received by hackney-coachmen and porters offering their services, as you may imagine ; but there are here not so many as in New York and Philadelphia, and consequently the bustle of their competition is not so great. In the two latter cities, they began to importune passengers in such a degree, that the captains of the steam-boats saw themselves obliged to prohibit them from coming on board. They, therefore, now stand five or six deep on shore, stretching out their heads, with a pair of anxiously searching

eyes, trying to catch those of some passenger, or to attract his attention by some interrogatory motion with their heads and hands. And if you happen to meet the look of one of these *aurigœ*, his longing desire and imploring expression, second to none in the whole world, except, perhaps, to that of a half-desponding lover, it moves your very heart. That you may not disappoint any of these eager candidates for the carriage of your effects, it is necessary to stand before them with downcast eyes, as you must do in an auction, where a look is a bid, and you have carefully to avoid the greedy eye of the loquacious auctioneer, or a twinkling of the lid may cost you something.

## LETTER XI.

Music on board Steamboats — Weber's Hunter's Chorus — Effect of Music on the Feelings — Universal Circulation of Weber's Tune — Music the Kindest of all Arts.

THERE was this time no music on board the steamboat. I do not know whether the method of attracting passengers by the refined call of a band has been entirely abandoned or not. When I first came to this country, and strolled about in the streets of New York, I recollect very well the impression made upon me by the different bands on board the boats, whose colours were streaming in the air, and waving far over the wharf, near which they were lying. This good impression, however, was much enhanced by the tune which one of these bands played—the hunters' chorus of the *Freischütz*. When Weber's popular opera first came out, I lived in Dresden. Every ear

caught the tune of the hunters' chorus, which must certainly have been previously lying in every human breast, and only wanted to be called forth, and clearly pronounced by some one, in order to be known, felt, and loved by every hearer; as the best passages of a great poet, which pointedly and pithily pronounce something, the truth of which instantly strikes every one, and renders the sentence, in a moment, a common-place.

It is the same with all arts, only the effect of the productions of the two just mentioned is more general, because they speak languages understood by all who think and feel. The artist is for us the greatest, and we love him most, when, with the wisdom of a master, and the might of genius, he calls up before us that which we feel, in the moment we behold his work, was always in our inmost soul, but which we had neither the power of mind, nor elevation and energy enough, to bring clearly to our consciousness. Hence the surprise, the unspeakable joy, the deep emotion, when we are suddenly placed before a shepherd boy of Thorwaldson. It is the image of grace we carried always with us, but we could not give

it birth; hence our feelings when we see, at last, the *Madonna di Sisto* of Raphael; we recognize the true, full, entire conception of the heavenly mother and the babe she nurses to fulfil the greatest destiny! hence our feelings, when the waves of Palestrini's music roll on, and our soul says, "For that music I have always longed." No artist can carry any thing absolutely new into our soul, but his wand may call into life that of which the elements lay dormant within us. When the mathematician Lambert asks, after having heard Gluck's incomparable *Alceste*, "What shall be proved by all this?" St. Cecilia herself would not be able to touch a chord of his heart.

From Dresden I went to the South of Germany, and the music of the *Freischütz* had preceded me. I went to Marseilles, and heard the hunter's chorus again. I sailed to Greece, and a Greek, who had been in France and brought back a taste for our civilized music, whistled it. I went to Naples, and the band played the same tune on parade. I returned to Germany, and I found that every shoemaker's boy, fetching bread in the early morning for the journeymen of his master, sung it

in the street, and already it had been stereotyped on the cylinder of hand-organs. I travelled to England, where I was greeted with Weber's tune; I crossed the Atlantic, and it welcomed me even here, in the western hemisphere. From what depths in the well of human feeling must this tune be drawn to become so hackneyed all over the world, even to the disgust of lightly thinking minds! I wish I could ever produce a work, which, centuries after my death, would be hawked about for a sixpence, as Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet was offered to me in the Strand, on bad paper and in bad print, or, as the poor editions of Don Quixote are sold all over Spain.\* What makes a "sickening common place," if not its striking truth or its great beauty, which is felt by every one as soon as it is heard?

Have you ever considered how the two extremes meet in this case? Mathematics and music are universal; they defy the bars of na-

\* In some of our auctions, we have heard the Vicar of Wakefield familiarly put up as *the Vicar*, and the auctioneer's tongue rattling to the tune of "Well, how much's bid for *the Vicar*?" At the same time it is *the Vicar*, with which every foreigner begins English.—EDITOR.

tions and are understood through all zones alike. The one proceeding from the absolute understanding, and addressing it, the other the pure language of feeling—both as universal as the principles of the understanding and the elementary feelings of the soul. Lichtenstein found a native of the Cape of Good Hope, humming the tune of a German song,\* and Euclid is as true to-day as he was thousands of years ago; as ten times ten can make no more or less, a thousand years hence than it makes now, but must make a hundred alike for the Esquimaux and the Chinese. And this is, also, the reason why music is the kindest of all arts, and the most faithful companion to man. There is no age or condition in the life of the individual, and no period in the history of a nation, from its rudest starting point to the last stages of refinement, that music is not willing to grieve with the afflicted, and to laugh with the gay, and to offer comfort and joy from the infinite variety of her treasures.

None of the fine arts affords so much plea-

\* It was the tune of *Freut euch des Lebens*. “Life let us cherish.”—EDITOR.

sure in its simplest beginnings as music, none can satisfy the human heart with so little materials. The lowest are not too low for her, and the highest owe her a thousand delights. When the poor slave, whom neither painting, nor sculpture, nor knowledge, ennobles, returns from the toilsome task of the day, and wipes the sweat from his heavy brow, he resorts yet to her for some comfort, before he rests his weary limbs ; and the bondsman, who knows but little pleasure in the contracted circle in which he moves, owes to her the richest enjoyment he has, when he plays his rude instrument for the young ones to dance around him, and to forget who they are. How happy I have seen Bohemian peasants, with their violins ! It seems as if man, the more he is robbed of his rights, the more he calls for pleasure from music ; and when a nation sinks into bondage, and all the monuments of former glory, and liberty, and thought are lost, when, by the fierceness of a tyrant or the cruelty of time, all the records of what its fathers were and did are destroyed, even then still it is she, the daughter of Heaven, who preserves the memory of happier ages, in plain-

tive songs to kindle at a future and better day, the pride of freemen and the love of country in the hearts of daring insurgents, and to change the song of grief into the bursting air of the warrior.

Would Greece ever have risen from her sleep, had her degraded sons not sung the deeds of their fathers, and the memory of their early honour, in places where they were unwatched by their masters? If you knew the whole history of this people as I do, you would answer with me, no.—What share had the inspiring Marseillaise in the late revolution of France? How much does England owe to her soldiers' and her sailors' songs? How many battles has Rule Britannia fought for her? It is recorded in no history, and yet the effect of all these songs has been immense. Hark! the trumpet, even firing the very horses that have to carry their bold riders into yonder square; would they go without that martial leader, which sends its piercing sounds into the weakest heart? Hark! the simple, solemn beat of the drums; they sound from the centre of that column, which marches up, in measured time, to the doubtful assault, and bridle the

bounding courage of the brave and faithful band.—And when the victory is won, the thankful peals of the conquerors rise to the God of the Just, and a grateful country answers by the swelling anthem and the full *Te Deum* in the wide temples of the Most High!

The herdsman trusts to her, to while away his time, and makes the cliffs of solitary Alps, raised high above the busy world, converse with him ; she leads the vine-dresser home from the hills, where by his labour, irksome and niggardly rewarded, pleasure grows for others, and she makes lighter the trying task on board the rolling vessel. She is with the wanderer, who sings a song of his home, or hums a tune of his early youth : and with her aid passes quicker the time of a soldier in the camp.

It is music with which a mother's untiring love lulls the restless babe to sleep ; music, which calls the little ones to a merry show and gives to toys the greatest charm ; music, to which the youth resorts, to speak of love, in the late hour of others' rest, to her, whose eyes have wounded him ; it is music which measures the merry steps of harmless joy, and

gives utterance to forgetful mirth, stirred by the sparkling contents of the slender glass ; it is she who assembles fashion to hear the brilliant work of a glowing master ; she who beguiles the slow hours of a prisoner, and transports an exile to his home and friends ; and it is she who brings the balm of comfort to the widow, pouring, with a feeble voice, her burning grief into a lonely hymn, and she who accompanies us to the grave.\*

When the rude Indian gives utterance to his joy, his drum accompanies the quickened steps and louder voice, which, obedient to the universal law, he pours forth in rhythmic measure ; and the tibia sounded to the highest strains of Sophocles, and David played his harp, and cornets and cymbals sounded before the ark, to praise the King of Israel, and Christians go and bid their feelings, too strong for any language, rise to the Creator of our hearts on the sacred wings of Heaven-devoted music—of her whose power is so great and yet so mysterious, that man, to speak of all the pleasure, comfort, and peace, which she can instil into

\* In many European countries, the dead are accompanied by songs to the grave ; still more frequently is a hymn sung over the grave.—**EDITOR.**

his soul, has no words to name them, but must borrow all from taste, or touch, or sight.

Well is she called a daughter of Heaven : whoe'er has heard, in Michel Angelo's most noble chapel,\* the sacred strains, which Palestrini has revealed to us, like the greeting from another world, has felt the breath of heavenly calm.

Ay ! not only doth music love man ; even the brute to which the word of reason has been denied gives utterance to its feeling of life, and health, and of enjoyment, in notes which make the wood resound of thanks to Heaven ; and pious men do tell us of the pure melodies in which the blessed sing the praise of God.

\* Capella Sistina, in the Vatican, in which the service of the passion week is performed.—EDITOR.

END OF VOL. I.

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